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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866. VOL. II.—NO. 26.
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]
Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Vicissitudes.

BY L. B. BROWN.

What is ambition? What is fame?
A bubble at the best—
The glory of an earthly name;
A gift at man's behest—
To-day bestowed, to-morrow fled,
Forgotten with the weaver, dead
And sunk beneath earth's breast.

And what are human hopes in life
But shadows on the wall?
Fleeting and changing 'mid its strife,
Its sweetness and its gall;
Grasp'd at, but ne'er attain'd, they flee
Like light winds o'er a summer sea,
That fitful sails enthrall.

What are earth's strifes, and what its aims?
A fleeting hour's possession
Of gilded toys, of varied names,
Lands, honors, gold, profession;
All in another moment fled;
But scarce obtain'd ere they are dead,
Or lost in man's progression.

We die, to live, to triumph o'er
The fleeting scenes of time.
We live, to die again, and soar
To scenes still more sublime.
And thus forever living, dying,
Our souls still onward, upward, hieing,
On an immortal prime.

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LIFE AMONG THE "MIGHTY OJBWAYS."

BY J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARVESTING RICE.

Obedient orders, we trailed in single file, and speedily were in sight of Rice Lake, on whose shore we stood gazing enraptured at the wild green waters. The eye scanned it in a moment—five—six miles long—two wide—literally covered with wild rice, protruding above the surface from five to seven feet, and dipping in some cases nearly that length below the surface. It lay in stools and branched out on tough stalks, the heads resembling spindles of corn or rung swamp grass. Were the rice all economically gathered the Indians would have a garner containing not far from twenty thousand bushels, each year, of common yield; but nearly one-third is purposely left for seed for next year's growth. The grain is grayish black, and long like rice, and by many is considered superior in quality to that raised in the South. At the north end of the lake, the Indians tied up the stalks into bundles, winding basswood strings around the heads. Hundreds of acres were thus ripening for the harvest. When fully ripe, the bundles are cut with long knives; then thrown into the canoe and threshed out with sticks. Rice that is gathered in the milk—which commands the best price in the market—is not tied into bundles, but shelled from the chaff while standing, in the following manner: An Indian with a pole in his hand pushes his canoe swiftly along, whilst a squaw stands in the center, holding an oak stick in each hand, which she swings with musical velocity, with one bending down a cluster of the rice over the rim of the canoe, and with the other briskly striking the heads—click, click, click—like so many repeaters. They thus move over the lake, down and back, returning well loaded, when the squaws carry the grain up the banks in basket sacks, and spread it out on a mat or hide. When sufficiently dry, it is strewn into a vessel put in the ground, into which a barefooted squaw jumps, and treads it out in a ludicrous gyrating motion. When threshed, it is winnowed and parched in little skillets before the campfire, and put up in bushel sacks for winter use, or market. There were scores of busy workers singing their wild melodies, keeping time with the clicking beat of their sticks, all earnest as the whites in the wheat fields. This was the last season these poor Indians could employ in gleaning rice from this lake, and well and faithfully did they improve it. On inquiry, we learned that the Mill Company had also built a dam at the foot of the lake, and the water was fast rising to ruin the rice. No leave asked of the Indian—no indemnity! There was only one Rice Reserve farther north. Thus the white man deprives the poor Indian of the staff of life, and kicks him because he begs.

The air over this lake was literally darkened by flying flocks of ducks, geese, and other birds. A beautiful little winged creature, a very fairy, called the rice bird, gambled on the rice tops and sunny waves, merrily singing its twittering glee. Were the Indians left unmolested by the tread of the white man, here would they find plentiful supplies of game and rice. But alas, the trespasser ravishes all, and leaves nothing but ruins for the desolate brother of the forest and lake.

A canoe glided by, manned by a surly old fellow, who, of course, paid us but little attention. On being solicited to take us across, he shook his head and vaulted on with an indifferent grant. Another dashed by, serving us in the same manner; and yet another. Who could blame them? At length one of our guides hailed a young squaw, offering her good pay if she would favor us with the courtesy of a ride. The moment she deigned to converse with us, the Indians in the other canoes shot towards us with great speed, as if suspicious. On learning our wishes, they were all eager to accommodate us. Seeing we were at their mercy, they

charged us an exorbitant price. There is no "beating down" an Indian; he raises his price, if he changes at all; and the more you plead the more stubborn he is. It is also worthy of note, that no Indian will underbid another, but strives always to augment the price of his brother's labor. This policy of mutual protection is certainly worthy of imitation. With the Indians it seems to be the only policy that guards against the tricks of cheating tradesmen.

Taking off our boots lest we might injure the bark of the canoes, we crawled in and alighted on a pile of rice that was alive with green worms besieging us with their nasty sensations in a very loving style. There was no alternative but to submit; so we at last sat up straight, careless of worms, like all other sensible Indians, who regard filth and vermin as a necessary nuisance that must be endured and not resisted.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCENE OF POVERTY—"OWL'S" ATTEMPT TO MURDER A GUIDE.

Landing on the other side at the foot of the Indian village, we jumped out ere the canoe touched, and stripped, brushing our clothes to remove the unlooked for Indian plague. All of a sudden we found ourselves in the presence of a beggarly, slimy, sooty set of ragamuffins, each eyeing us with inquisitive silence. Horrors! what a bedeviled poverty-stricken crew! and such a stench as nasals never sensed. Disgust took the place of pity, and then pity the place of disgust, whilst scrutinizing this wretched relic of a once noble race. Naked children with matted hair and faces dingy with dirt, rushed from the wigwams in swarms, nearly a third of them half-breeds, whose barbarous yells and tormenting pranks even excelled in frightfulness those of the full-blooded Indians.

Long we gazed, and sorrowfully we meditated, upon the degradation to which the aborigines have been reduced by the pressure of our civilization. (?) Beggars, now thieves, stupefied, sensualized, eaten up with lice and itch, and disease, what in God's name can be done with these poor creatures? The women generally were dressed in petticoats, hanging in tag-locks around their black ancles, once worn doubtless by fashionable ladies of white society, but when old and torn, traded off to these squaws for baskets, or rice. Most of the men were naked, except their breech cloths, and yet they all appeared contented and happy! With shouts and screams the children frisked around the bushes and skins, and the adults laughed at our extra luggage and sweltering hats.

There was one personage in this strange crew, who arrested our undivided attention. He was of medium height, of quick motion, of knitted brows, hanging loose over eyes that darted a very sheet of flame at his guests.

"That fellow," whispered one of our guides, "knows me. Do you note his embarrassed manner when I look at him? He is a rascal; his name is 'Owl,' and well does he hoot!"

When seated before our campfire that night, within hailing of the Indians, we importuned the guide to inform us more particularly concerning his adventures with "Owl." The story is too frightful to reiterate. Suffice it to say they had had an encounter with axes. The Indian accused him of trespass upon his furs, and the purity of his home. Several Indians were outside the camp, forbidden to enter by the lumbermen, on pain of death. "Owl" being inside, they would see there was fair play between the two combatants. At one time they clinched, holding each other by the hair of the head, and in the general scuffle they both fell to the floor, struggling for life. Loosening his hold by an agile spring, the savage stepped back a few paces, grasped his tomahawk, and hurled it at the white man with a startling yell. The motion was seen and met; the blow was dodged, and the tomahawk buried itself in a log, clear to the handle. The next instant the Indian lay weltering in his blood; the guide had struck him with a heavy axe—inflicting on him a death-blow, as he supposed. No sooner done than he dragged him to the infuriated savages outside, who made a rush for the door; but the lumbermen were too quick for them. With clubs and other weapons they drove them off, allowing them to carry the sinking Indian to a distant wigwam, where his wounds were washed and dressed. As luck would have it, the Indian did not die, but slowly recovered, and has ever since sought an opportunity of revenge.

"Perhaps he and other cut throats will prowl around our camp to-night."

"No, I understand Indians; we are too many for the whole tribe; if they come, they will not dare to touch us; one brave white is equal to ten skulking Indians."

"But do you not regret settling a difficulty in that manner, which you are confident must sometime be re-settled? Suppose you had kindly talked to him and with soothing words and generous tokens, cooled down his murderous passions?"

"He is a savage!"

"Yes, and you are a white man, and not a savage!"

The guide was reticent at this rebuke, and disposed to retrace no more of his wild adventures.

About midnight a heavy rain beat on our tent, but our men, so wearied with the long journey, all slept soundly, except one. Whether on account of the storm or forebodings, he lay awake, peering out at times through the thick darkness in search of some lurking foe. At length was heard a distinct sound of crackling brush under a stealthy

tread. A form glided behind the tent and felt along the canvas with a cautious movement. The first impulse of the sentinel was to rouse the company, but not wishing to betray his apprehensions, he gently rose up and began to whistle, at the same time keeping vigilant watch of the canvas close to which lay the head of the sleepers. Immediately there was a gentle sound of receding steps, when the sentinel walked out and boldly replenished the fire, producing a brilliant blaze. There was no more disturbance that night.

The next morning the place beside a log was found where the Indian lay during the first part of the evening. On informing the crew of the nocturnal events, the guide remarked "that was 'Owl'; I know his gait; he was round with a long knife."

"But he will some day catch you in the woods, when there is no sentinel to keep watch."

"Yes, I expect he will ever be on my track; but he fears my sinewy arm, and I dread him not."

Oh, white man! if you are savage in treatment, what must you expect of the Indian whose highest law is redress for injuries?

CHAPTER XV.

ASSEMBLING AT THE CHIEF'S WIGWAM.

Leisurely wending our way round a bend of the lake and thence to the brow of a hill, we threw our baggage down at the door of the Chief's wigwam, that stood alone in its glory overlooking all the village. Two dandies, quite tidily dressed, here greeted us with bashful smiles. They were willing away the sultry hours with lazy chit chat, under the oaks that shaded in front; they were the belles of the town, whom all the young men courted.

This wigwam had an air of wealth about it; the sides hung with valuable skins, and stored away in snug corners were piles of rice, ready for the market. The squaw was busily braiding mats, assisted by her daughter, whose greasy child teased her to boisterous anger, at which she raised a storm in the mansion, scolding scientifically as ever white lady did at the wash-tub.

Our arrival and mission were quickly noised abroad, and a general convocation was immediately ordered at "headquarters." By some means the news had preceded us, that we were after recruits. The Indians are vigilant; they have their picket guards out in every direction, who run in as mail carriers, conveying every intelligence that concerns the interest of the tribe. Those on the other side of the lake seized their canoes, and with the workers in the rice fields, and the denizens of the wigwams, poured in from every quarter, crew after crew, grinningly attired in gawags, and painted in war symbols. They marched in stately, single file, and demurely seated themselves in promiscuous groups, wherever they could find shade or a green spot of grass. Foremost among them was a black-eyed, tall young man, severely pugnacious, who rushed by us with unbending dignity, and entered the wigwam. This was the chief's son-in-law. Several other young men entered, and, when seated, kept up a perfect uproar of fun and joke and frolic, doubtless at our expense. Every Indian appeared to keep his own secret. One young fellow, having learned a little English, was commissioned by the rest to annoy us by too familiar importunities. Approaching a gentleman who was taking notes, he provokingly sat in front of him, carefully watching the movements of his pencil, and then, saucily breathing in his face, abruptly demanded to know what he had been writing. Pointing at the dusky company, he said, sneeringly: "You talk about Indians;" and went off incensed, and communicated something that drew out a general frown. A sketch of an Indian was also taken and passed round, and the only comment was a lecherish smile. All these movements were significant; not a sign of fellowship, or communicable courtesy, could we discover; every Indian seemed suspicious; every eye, every lip, every motion, portrayed a decisive no to our demand for recruits. We all felt for the moment that the enterprise was a failure; but determined to push it to the extreme of experiment.

About noon, the tall chief, towering up like an obelisk, appeared, and greeted us with a pleasant bow. He is a regular Saul; head and shoulders above every man, and is a true friend of the whites, and has prevented many a depredation and massacre. His name is A-quan-zee, signifying "Old Man." He was attired in a blue military coat, of which he was evidently proud. Having an intellectual head and benevolent face, his presence set us all at ease among these surly savages. In due time our object was communicated to him, he inquiring into every particular; and when satisfied that we were personages of official importance, he treated us with marked attention. He invited us into his wigwam, and introduced us to his matronly squaw, who exhibited her good breeding, as a true housewife, by glibly talking with our guides and working nimbly with her fingers. When this social interview was over, by some sign well understood by the guides, the chief signified his wish to be left alone to his own reflections. For hours there was perfect silence in his wigwam, in which he sat, deeply and seriously thinking about our proposition. The warriors and women outside simultaneously sunk into a fierce brown study; the little boys all this while were shooting their arrows at a distant mark, but careful not to disturb the general reverie.

When the old chief rose up and appeared at the door of his wigwam, all eyes were fixed upon him, awaiting his order. Our captain immediately ap-

proached, and, perceiving that he was favorably impressed with us, brought forth a handful of tobacco, and with a grunt threw it down at his feet. This courtesy was reciprocated by asking us to put our baggage in his tent for safe keeping. Then we all felt we were gaining fast in the confidence of the Indians. With a brisk tone of voice he commanded an official personage to get the flag, when it was immediately brought forth from its hiding-place—a beautiful bright American flag, attached to a long pole.

Leading the van, and followed by the color-bearer, the chief struck out for the woods, the rest marching in orderly file. Finding an open space under the massive pines, the Indians formed a broad circle, leaving us nearly in the center. Two other chiefs were present—Wau-be-sha-dee (Little Martin) and Ke-see-anah (Fast Sailing)—both wearing wreaths on their heads, composed of sprigs and leaves, wild flowers and hanks of rice stalks, woven together in a tasteful manner. The women hung on the outskirts, looking on, but not daring to enter. Even that near approach provoked some of the warriors. One old squaw, more audacious than the rest, yelled a scolding fust at her husband, when he rushed toward her, and with an unmistakable command silenced every murmur. What rights have squaws any more than white ladies in the councils of their lords! Paul's injunction is good Indian gospel: "Let your women keep silence—for it is not permitted them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home."

(To be continued.)

THIRD NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

ADDRESS OF J. H. W. TOOLEY, DELIVERED ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It affords me a great deal of pleasure to meet you in the city of Providence, the name is so significant, as well as the occasion. My mind goes back some twenty years, when circumstances brought me to this place, when, I need hardly say, reform was scarcely dreamed of; and the complexion it took at that time was mostly of an agitational character. I will not attempt to mention here the many agencies that have been constantly working from that time to this to bring about the gigantic results which to-day we perceive manifested in the spiritual life, as well as in the life of the nation. In those early days we did not know what awaited us, but sufficient unto the day was strength given us. We then looked forward, dimly, as it were through a glass, very darkly, hoping that something would come out. The men who did the work went forward, day after day, and year after year, enduring odium and obloquy and persecution. We did not know that back of them were the ages in point of principle, and above them was the angel host. We did not know that there was a significance in this word "Providence," better, deeper, broader than was ever given us from pulpit or platform. We did not know that there was something in it which was to come home to our hearts, and make us members one with another in this grand confederacy of men. We did not know that every man and every woman, in every manner and form, like bees in a hive, was working to a common end. We are not here to-day simply as the representatives of the nineteenth century in its reformatory aspects, but as complements of this reform, which has saved us from going off into materialism; saving us, poised, balanced with that spiritual rectitude which will keep us perpendicular on the voyage before us. I therefore feel that this is to me a gratifying hour, for God gave to me, in point of organization, two seemingly contradictory traits; one that makes me exceedingly susceptible to religious impressions, and another that seemingly makes me intensely irreverent. I have dared to differ from nearly every friend on this platform, and I can see that there are some who feel just as well when I am at a respectable distance.

Now, friends, there is another thing that is very attractive to me in this Convention. This platform is broad physically, but it is very much broader spiritually. I wrestle with my brother; the reports put it in print, and some men say, "Look at these noisy, crazy people!" But the same persons who call us "noisy" and "crazy," will tell us that Jacob at one time wrestled with an angel, and finally won the blessing that he sought. Now, here is an angel just as good as Jacob ever wrestled with, and on a free platform, with a good purpose, destiny before us, God and the spirit world above us; let us have a good wrestle, hand to hand, heart to heart, head to head, and if you dislocate my leg, God's blessing upon you, for I know that in the long run humanity will be the gainer, and I, too, shall be better, having learned a lesson of humility.

Let us rejoice that in some sort we have learned the importance of individuality. I said that one of the apparently contradictory traits of my character was its intense individuality, and I do not think that any man or any woman will accomplish much in this world by allowing himself or herself to sit tamely down and believe that somebody else is going to do his or her work. We need to say, years ago:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will,"

and leave the work for God to do; but now, instead of talking about a "divinity that shapes our ends," we have begun to talk about the "logic of events." I hold that every man and every woman is an actor in the great republic of effort. No man in this country is so weak that he has not something to say in settling his destiny. Why? Because you have one great and glorious thing to me, namely, the ballot box. I stand here as the representative of that neglected, I was going to say untrodden people, the Irish. Judge of my admiration, then, for that little thing, the ballot. You look tamely upon it, but believe me, the day is coming when millions will rise responsive to such eloquent words as have never yet thrilled the heart of humanity, when the ballot is known in Ireland, and the green flag floats over a new republic.

There is one other thing to which I wish to draw your attention. During the late war, for the first time in my life, I found myself free to enter into politics. For the first time in my life I could put conscience into politics. Everywhere in my travels I found the representatives of New England, men who had been educated by these venerable men

sitting behind me. I found men and women far down the Mississippi, even, who, with tears in their eyes, blessed New England, because she had fostered the men who had defended liberal principles and been true to the cause of universal freedom.

Friends, I hail this occasion as most glorious in its character, and I think it will be most auspicious in its results. We were the pioneers of this most radical movement—the concentration of all hereby, as our brother said in his opening address to-day. We have been stigmatized as infidels, and why should I not be happy in meeting so many persons who have come together with diverse education and conflicting opinions, and to look forward to the action of this Convention as something that is to bless us immediately and the world eventually? I beseech you, friends—dropping argument for exhortation, for importunity—to look, in all you do, not simply to the individual spirits that may be here, but to the large audience that waits the results of your deliberations. Let me implore you, in the name of all that can animate and actuate a man, to be cordial, impartial, harmonious, resolute; and whether combative or harmonious, in all things honest to yourselves, leaving the issue to God and the destiny that awaits our nation.

The Convention then adjourned, to meet at 7½ o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

ADDRESS OF F. L. WADSWORTH, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are here as a body of Spiritualists. We have come here from our several States to deliberate upon ways and means to the accomplishment of ends. We have come here, I suppose and trust, to speak that all the people may hear, and to pulsate within ourselves that all the people may feel to the end that time may be accomplished, that has been accomplished. I wish to address you to-night upon our purpose as Spiritualists, as reformers, and upon the methods that we are to adopt for the accomplishment of that purpose.

Of course every age gives birth to ideas. Out of those ideas are evolved methods, and resulting from those methods, institutions. Therefore, every age produces its ideas, its methods and its institutions; and to be true to the time, to be true to the great inner principles that exist in nature, we, as men and women, and as Spiritualists, should view this question fundamentally, and look to what we are as compared with what has been, and what is, and what is to be proposed in the future. Religiously, one of the ideas of the past has been supernaturalism, or the introduction of the theory that represented the universe as having a natural and a supernatural department—the natural directly under the direction of the supernatural. This theory, carried out, gives us an infinite Spirit, outside of things. God is outside of the universe of matter, outside of human nature. The inevitable result of such an idea or such a conception is, that the life will correspond thereto. The world has been laboring through the centuries to put divinity into that which has been considered as not divine, and what has been proposed and what is to be proposed in the future. Religiously, one of the ideas of the past has been supernaturalism, or the introduction of the theory that represented the universe as having a natural and a supernatural department—the natural directly under the direction of the supernatural. This theory, carried out, gives us an infinite Spirit, outside of things. God is outside of the universe of matter, outside of human nature. The inevitable result of such an idea or such a conception is, that the life will correspond thereto. The world has been laboring through the centuries to put divinity into that which has been considered as not divine, and what has been proposed and what is to be proposed in the future. 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showing us the beautiful fields that are before us, leading us to the fact of inherent divinity, after contemplating the destiny of the human soul, the almost inevitable result is, that we shall return at once in our reflections and in the adjustments of our methods to this earth and the relations of this earth. It is not enough that we know that we continue to exist after passing away from this world. The practical mind at once turns to the condition that shall enhance the grandeur, the glory and the consciousness of the humanly after it has passed away from the earth. I think, indeed, if I may speak my own consciousness, I can say I know—that the work of the spiritualist at this time, is more practical than theoretical, and will be from this time forward. It is more a purpose than a belief. It is the embodiment in measures, in institutions, of this method, resulting from this idea of spiritualism. We have been exceedingly cautious in past years as to the measures that we adopted, and as to recording our convictions and our spiritualists; but it seems to me that the time has come when we should say to the waiting world that we propose to go to work and put our proposition into shape, so that all the people can see it.

Allow me now to sum up my thought. We have our ideas, and we have a method, that perhaps may be expressed in the word *education*. What is it to educate? It is to evolve; to draw out; not to put in. It is not education to take a child and stuff his head full of problems that it does not understand. It is education to take a child and develop its consciousness of the things around itself and within itself, until it can expand and reach out and take into itself, in a certain sense, the things that exist around it. This is education. Now, this whole Spiritual Movement, in method, is educational. There is nothing supernatural about it. It does not propose that the world shall be converted in an hour. It does not propose that mankind shall be saved from the sin it has committed or the ignorance it is in without an effort. It is educational. We advance by a process of education, and by no other process. We advance just in proportion as we are aroused and awakened within ourselves, and made to see and feel the divinity of the things that are around us. I think that we need to-day, more than ever, to announce to the world what we propose to do, and the method by which we propose to do it. The power is within us to act; a power is without us, seconding our action; and everywhere we propose to move onward and work continually, and to struggle for the uplifting of human nature. We shall have to battle institutions. Here is a church based upon the old idea of supernaturalism. Every shred of an institution that has its vitality in the idea of supernaturalism shall be ground to powder; it must be put under the hammer of progress, and that hammer must not cease its blows until the institution is abolished. Suppose we do destroy; if we are destroyers we are also builders; and our purpose is to bring into existence institutions that shall supplant the old method and give to the human family a clearer sweep of thought, more definite action, and a more certain understanding of that which is around them and within them.

Spiritualists, if you are to accomplish the purposes of the times, if you are practically to be the men and women of God, and to advance with the spirit of the times, that advancement must be by work. "He that will not work shall not eat." Embrace this. He that will not work shall not eat. Spiritualism shall not progress, the spirit of the times shall not progress to rot. It is Nature's work and way, and if Spiritualism does not become a working movement, it crystallizes, turns upon itself, and passes away with the other institutions that have been incompetent to answer the demands of human nature.

The song commencing, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" was sung by the Chicago choir, after which, Dr. Dutton, from the Committee on Business, submitted a report which recommended that three sessions be held daily, at 9 A. M., and 3 and 5 P. M., the first session to be devoted to the discussion of specific subjects; that conferences of one hour each be held at 8 A. M., and 7 P. M., in which each person should be at liberty to speak; and that a discourse be delivered at the opening of the afternoon session, and two discourses each evening. The Committee also recommended that the invitation of the Providence friends to visit Rocky Point be accepted. Thereport was adopted.

ADDRESS OF MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The term "Spiritualism" is very indefinite to me. When a person tells me that such a one is a Spiritualist, it means very little. They may possibly be Spiritualists who only accept the fact of spirit communication, and not at all the fundamental principles that underlie those acts and phenomena. But I hope to find men and women whose hearts are thorough, and who, with a desire to promulgate the truths of Spiritualism, and also to institute a practical working system, by and through which those truths may become living realities. I do not expect that these men and women will agree upon all points; but I do expect that they will so far "agree to disagree," that they will so far control their prejudices and personal preferences as to come together and work unitedly for a common purpose and a common necessity; and that necessity seems to me to be the elevation and education of humanity. I am not, it seems to me, addressing a class of despised and persecuted Spiritualists, for this gathering in respect of appearance and numbers, assures me that we are no longer a despised minority, but a majority that is ready to lay down its life for the truth. I am addressing a class of men and women, who, in addition to the fact of spirit communication, and it seems to me, also, to be a prophecy that in coming time we shall not only have national recognition, but that we shall have legislative authority that will render us competent to build all over our country schoolhouses and lyceum halls, in which children of smaller and of larger growth shall all consent to learn; and when we are humble enough, and acknowledge ourselves fools, comparatively speaking, we have attained the first necessary condition of growth, as I understand it. For my own part, I am willing to acknowledge, that though I have labored in the interests of Spiritualism for the last ten years, I have scarcely learned its A B C yet, and I presume there are many here who feel that they are not ready to lay down their lives for the fruits of Spiritualism, for the want of a practical working system, embodying its truths. It seems to me, therefore, that the object of all such gatherings should be to bring parties from distant points together, make them acquainted, make them familiar with the desires, aspirations and purposes that govern and control the individual life, that, becoming acquainted with these purposes and motives, they may join hands in one common labor, and that the education and elevation of the human race.

It is very nice to talk philosophically, and enlarge upon our discoveries with regard to the other world, and to work, and to think, and to talk; but I am ready to work with any man or woman, or any community that will show me the first practical step, by virtue of which we shall be laying the foundation of a higher morality, of a stricter integrity, of a better government, and finally, of a higher destiny for the whole human race. I want to do something, and I want to see others who are ready to work. It is very much easier, I know, to pray for the salvation of mankind than to work for it, and oftentimes you get very much more credit for praying than for working; but it is not that I am after. I am sincerely devoted to the interests of the children of the coming generation. Those who have become to some degree fossilized in the errors of the past, may not be able, in this life, to entirely overcome those errors; but it seems to me that every sincere and earnest soul cannot but realize that the hope of the future and the hope of our faith, so far as it embodies truth, depends upon the influence exerted upon the children of the present. Not that I would imply, by any means, that there is not room for growth, or that it is not possible for us, children of a larger growth, to accomplish by our lives, and by the way of reform, the good that we wish very much to see in the world, and that we have favorable instrumentalities and organizations through which to work. But it certainly is possible for us to engrave upon the coming future the principles and truths of our philosophy; and when they are once inscribed into the youthful mind, they will not be called upon, as others have been in the past, to suffer persecution and almost martyrdom at the hands of opponents and dogmatists. It is in their interest that I appeal, and I sincerely hope that every man and woman here will at least feel that the purpose of this Convention is no means insignificant. I believe that individualism is necessary as a primitive condition; but while I acknowledge each individual's right to his opinions, to his convictions, and to his prejudices even, at the same time I may differ from him; and still I am ready to join hands with him; and wherever we jar, wherever we differ, I

want to be large enough to exercise so much charity and extend so much fraternal feeling and good will that we may all work together for a common purpose and object.

I trust that this Convention will not dissolve until some practical working system shall have at least been suggested and presented to the world as an outgrowth of Spiritualism. How many, many times in my journeyings over the country, have I been told by those who have grown lukewarm in their interest in Spiritualism, "I am tired of your philosophy. All you say is very true; I acknowledge its truth; but it seems to me it is impracticable. You Spiritualists are a set of fanatics. You have as yet, as a body, no local or legislative significance, and what does it all amount to? What real practical good has Spiritualism yet presented to the world? I can point to individual instances, but as a body, I am sorry to say that I am not able as yet to refer to one single practical effort that has been made. Now, when I go forth into the field I want the encouragement of the old pioneer Spiritualists who began ten years ago. I want to be able to say to them, "Here is something for you to do. Here is an effort in behalf of humanity that can show some practical results." I am tired of having them say to me they can get as good Spiritualism as they want at the liberal Unitarian churches. They can go there and hear spiritual sermons that are sugared over with Orthodox pretensions, and they are as good as they want. I hope I am not talking to any such Spiritualists. I want to have Spiritualists who are not Unitarians in any other sense than this, that they accept and acknowledge the truths of Unitarianism, but not the sectarianism that belongs to it. I want to see them ready to build halls within the elevation of the human race shall be the highest and only aim. I want to see those halls large enough and hospitable enough to accommodate all classes. I do not object to sectarians even, if they will come in the name of humanity, and in the name of their sect or society, and confer with others to promote the highest welfare of the human race. As an individual, then, I announce myself ready to work; and I hope the men and women here will come forward and show me something to do.

ADDRESS OF ANDREW T. FOSS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I suppose you are all tired, and I am sure I am, and so I will begin with a story and end with a song, and I will be careful not to put them too far apart. The story is this: Once upon a time, away back in the dim past, a king was marching with a powerful army against a city, for the purpose of conquering it. In that city there was an idol, standing upon the top of a tall shaft, and all the people revered and worshipped the idol; and they had been taught from their childhood, and all believed most devoutly that if they should offer any insult to that idol the whole city would be engulfed in ruin, and all the country would be desolated. This king, who was a very brave and strong man, one day decided to go to the top of that shaft and smote with his battle axe the head of that idol until he broke it in pieces, and scattered the fragments all around. The people were amazed, and expected some red bolt would descend from heaven and destroy them all. But hour after hour passed and evening came, and the moon rode high and clear and beautiful; and the morning came, and the sun rose in the east, just at the time the almanac said it would—if they had any almanac in those days—and nothing occurred. The people began to get rid of their superstition, and lost their reverence and fear for the idol, rejoiced in their deliverance, and shook the hand of the audacious soldier, and thanked him for the good work he had done. Now, my friends, just such a city is the church of our land, and the idol is its theology; and the army that is coming is the Spiritualists; and if you want me to, I will climb the shaft and swing the battle axe.

We are living, my friends, in a very remarkable time. I do not believe that the world has seen an epoch into which so much of human interest has been crowded as is crowded into the present hour. This is not an age of worship, and I thank God for it. It is an age of investigation. It is not a time for prayer, but for inquiry. There is nothing so sacred that we may not take it into our hands and handle it, and turn it over, and look at it on every side; weigh it, measure it, and find out exactly its value. The veil has been rent in twain, the Holy of Holies is open to the gaze of everybody that passes in the street. We have all a right to look in, and although at first we are filled with a great fear, by and by we shall get so that we can walk right in and take up the censor, and the ephod, and the rest of the furniture that is there.

Progress, Mr. President, is a law of the Creator, a law of the universe, and one who has lived to my time can mark the progress that has already been made; this law is as inevitable as the law of gravitation; there must be progress; there can be nothing else. Why, in Andover, Mass., where they make ministers to order, there is a law that the professors in the seminary shall, every five years, swear support to the Athanasian creed; and every five years they all come in and hold up their hands, and solemnly swear that they will believe that and believe nothing but that, so long as they live. It would seem that if there is any place on God's earth that would stand still it would be Andover, and yet Andover does not stand still, and cannot stand still. It has advanced and is advancing, and in spite of all their oaths, they will get into the kingdom of heaven yet.

Progress, I say, is the law. Look back, for instance, and see what progress we have made in singing. When I have heard the beautiful singing here, and the beautiful words, I have thought of the old times, when they used to sing:

"Deep in a gulf where darkness reigns
A land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid his stores of vengeance there."

"There Satan, the first slayer, lies,
And o'er his head he holds his hands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands."

What a picture that would be for a magazine! Then in regard to prayer, there has been great progress. We used to have a deacon in our church who was accustomed to pray. Lord, we thank thee that we have not to be guided by reason to find the way to thy throne, but we can come right to thy throne, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Thanking God that he had nothing to do with reason, and that reason had nothing to do with him! You do not hear our Orthodox friends pray in that way now. They pray a great deal better; and they will pray a great deal better by and by than now; until finally they will get so as to pray in a pleasant and profitable manner, giving pleasure to themselves, to him to whom they pray, and to us who listen to their prayers.

There has been great progress in preaching, too, my friends. I know that by experience. When I was twenty-two years old I was regularly ordained by the laying on of hands, and I started out on my mission. I wondered if I was the same man I was before they ordained me, and whether I should be able to preach any better the next Sunday than I preached the Sunday before, but I could not make it out; and for the soul of me I could not tell what ordination had done, but then I supposed it had done some wonderful thing. At any rate I had taken the medicine, and thought I would wait its operation. Well, friends, I used to preach, when I first began, the doctrine of the Trinity; that is, that a mathematical lie is a theological truth; there is one and one is three; *theologically*, not *mathematically*. When I used to preach a vicious statement, an endless hell, an angry God and a roaring devil; but I don't preach any of them now, and I think that is an improvement. Now, I try to tell you, friends, of the beauties that shine everywhere in the heavens, and that bloom everywhere upon the earth, of the sweet sounds that are heard in all voices; and in a word, to tell you of the beauty and the truth of the heavens and of the earth, and draw you to the love and worship of all these, and try to bring you into harmony with the law of the universe around you and the laws of your own being, and I think that is a great improvement over the old method of preaching.

Now, friends, not only is progress the law, but there is a law of progress. That law is adherence to truth and justice, not only when circumstances will warrant it, but every time. In poverty or wealth, in any or every condition in which we are called to live, adhere to truth, stand by it; stand by justice, build on it, and you build securely—and not a moment. That is the law of progress. If you want to get ahead, friends, get right, and then go ahead.

The speaker illustrated this point by referring to the case of Thomas Garrett, of Delaware, who has been instrumental in the deliverance of about two thousand slaves from their chains, and who, having been flogged, on one occasion, to the extent of his

whole property, for "remembering those in bonds as bound with them," turned to the judge and said, "If this sees a fugitive who wants a supper and lodging to-night, please send him to me." Thomas Garrett, said Mr. Foss, by the help of friends, was able to continue his business, and pro-slavery democrats and republicans came to him to trade, for they knew he was an honest man, and that they would get the value of their money every time, and to-day he has just as much of this world's goods as he needs, and something to bestow upon the poor wanderer. In joy he puts his bosom, and bears the sheaves rejoicing home.

Oh, may the angel world, said Mr. Foss, help us to illustrate the great truth that it is safe to do right. Whatever it may cost us, let us adhere to the right, and especially at this time, when we stand upon the verge of ruin. This hour is pregnant with more fearful danger than was that hour at Gettysburg, when the battle lunged uncertainly, which, if lost, would open the way for the rebels to Philadelphia and New York, and perhaps to Providence and Boston. Let us dare to settle all questions upon the principles of justice. Make all men equal before the law, and then the heavens will smile and the earth will be glad. I call upon you, my brethren, in the spiritual cause, to stand true in this hour of peril, and if the country is lost, take care that the truth is not lost. But the country is not to be lost. And may God grant, and all the angel world, that you and I may be instrumental in their hands to save this government to posterity, and to save the principles of freedom to coming generations. I appeal to you, men and women all, to do your whole duty, and by and by, in the "good time coming," the great sun of freedom and peace will wheel his broad disc above the eastern horizon, and soon stand in mid-day glory shining upon us, making glad the world, and filling even heaven with joy.

In conclusion, the speaker recited the song which he had promised in the beginning, which he said was composed by an Indian, and runs to this wise:

"Go on—go on—go on—go on—
Go on—go on—go on—go on—
Go on—go on—go on—go on—"

After a song by the choir, the Convention adjourned to Wednesday morning.

(To be Continued.)

From the New York Independent.

Art Thou Living Yet?

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
Beyond this realm of broken things,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And drive the tears from happy eyes;
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
And June stands near with deathless flowers,
Where we may hear the dear one sing
Who loved us in this world of ours?
Task, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot lose.
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
Thou unseen angel of my life;
Thy tiny hand would soothe me still
An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
As from a being glorified;
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
And I forget that thou hast died.
I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of a life to be;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The Springtime blooms; the Summers fade!
The Winters blow along my way;
But over every light and shade
Thy memory lives by night and day.
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And, like the murmur of the main,
Grows deeper when the storm is high.
I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul came back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twined,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine, and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death.
And yet, at times, mine eyes are wet
With tears for one I cannot see,
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The Fundamental Principle of Morals.

An Address by J. S. Loveland, at the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Providence, on Saturday Evening, August 25, 1866.

[Published by special request of the Convention.]

Mr. President, Brothers and Sisters of the Convention:—I do not propose to entertain you with any attempt at eloquent speaking at this time, but to call your attention to one of the most momentous practical questions pertaining to the New Dispensation; for that Spiritualism constitutes one, is the conviction which has brought us together in this Convention.

And, without wasting words in preliminaries, I will come at once to my theme by announcing the following proposition: The time has fully come when Spiritualists are imperatively required to place before the world a statement of the basic principles of their philosophy; and especially that one, or those which constitute the foundation of morals.

By morals, I mean the relations and duties of man to his fellows, as measured or defined by an absolute standard, or rule of right, or justice. That such a rule exists, must exist, is clear to every logical thinker, though to the ignorant it may not be so evident. The omnipresent manifestation of the feeling of right and wrong—good and evil—the unceasing efforts of man, in all his systems of religion, government and society to attain his ideal of moral perfection, together with the perpetual reasonings of the moralist, all conspire to prove the existence in man of moral nature; or, more strictly speaking, a moral faculty of his spiritual nature.

I do not propose to enter upon the question, how that faculty, or instinct, is awakened, or brought into activity in the human consciousness, but to say that its existence being proved, as it is, and, in some form, acknowledged by all people of all ages, it must follow that an intelligible and logical statement of fundamental moral principles is possible; and, consequently, the great outlines of moral order, or social reciprocity, are susceptible of clear and accurate definition.

To deny this, is to assume, either that there are no absolute principles of moral rectitude, or that they are impossible of perception and definition. But there are few, or none who will take the first position, and the second one will be fully considered in the course of our remarks.

Considering, then, the existence, in man, of a moral sense—the possession of reason, whereby he is capable of vast and almost unlimited scope of induction and analysis; as well as that philosophic power, which deductively traces down, through all their ramifications and amplifications, the ideas born in the profound depths of his spiritual consciousness, there is, there can be, no doubt as to the possibility of discovering and stating the fundamental principles of morals.

But you ask me, why are Spiritualists especially required to do this work, and do it now? For many reasons, and among them, the following:

(1) They have entirely discarded all the standards and authority which the world has hitherto received as valid on this subject. The will of God, supernaturally revealed in the form of statutory laws or preceptive injunctions, has been the world's only standard of morals, and is the only one of which it has any knowledge to-day.

To deny this, is to assume, either that there are no absolute principles of moral rectitude, or that they are impossible of perception and definition. But there are few, or none who will take the first position, and the second one will be fully considered in the course of our remarks.

Considering, then, the existence, in man, of a moral sense—the possession of reason, whereby he is capable of vast and almost unlimited scope of induction and analysis; as well as that philosophic power, which deductively traces down, through all their ramifications and amplifications, the ideas born in the profound depths of his spiritual consciousness, there is, there can be, no doubt as to the possibility of discovering and stating the fundamental principles of morals.

It wrong, what constitutes wrong *per se*, and where is the standard of measurement? We are at sea—we have no answer. The Church replies at once, God's will, and is satisfied with the answer. We reject that answer, and therefore lay ourselves under the strongest obligation possible, to furnish a complete solution of the problem. To destroy the foundations of the world's morality, and give it nothing in exchange, is, to say the least, of very questionable utility, even if moral turpitude is not involved therein.

To evade, or postpone this work, must carry the idea, and deepen the already existing impression, that the leading Spiritualists aim only at sapping the moral principles of the community, in order to make more easy of accomplishment their own selfish and unprincipled purposes. I am unable to say that such an inference would be unjust, unless we confess our inability to do the work. Such a confession, however, would be a tacit acknowledgment that we may be mistaken in our rejection of the old idea.

(2) Another reason is, that Spiritualists are continually affirming the moral character of persons, institutions and conduct. It is doubtful if we are not on a par with the old church in this respect. We are especially severe upon the Church and its doctrines and measures. And not only so, but among ourselves, we are extremely sharp and severely denunciatory. To illustrate this, I will cite but one instance. Spiritualists, as a general rule, admit and declare that our present semi-civil and semi-religious system of marriage is, in many, very many particulars, wrong, outrageously wrong. But we denounce *Free-love* as extremely wicked; and those who separate from husband or wife are branded as *chastity*, and *immoral*. What is our attitude in legal marriage and not "conjugally mated" or "conjugal married," as the phrase is, are guilty of adultery, nay, of prostitution in its worst form—that they are selling themselves for life instead of a single night! In these particulars we are affirming moral quality of actions, and moral merit and demerit of persons. Now, what is the standard of measurement in these cases? By what rule do we presume to call the varletist or the profligate, licentious, bad, or immoral? What is our authority for pronouncing unloving marriage as prostitution? And if such marriage is wrong, why condemn and punish those who discard it? Nothing can be clearer than that, in these and multitudes of other ways, we recognize moral qualities, while it is equally clear that we have no well defined and acknowledged principle at the bottom, but merely our own individual tastes, judgments, notions of worldly expediency, or the prejudices of past religious training, as our moral standard. I demur to all such looseness in morals. If right or wrong be affirmed, I demand the principle which makes so, and which makes not so. We must have a logical statement, and I insist that before Spiritualists assume to judge and punish, by any species of unfavorable discrimination or social ostracism, any person whatever, they shall first define the principle of moral right entitling them to pass sentence and inflict punishment. I have cited this subject for illustration, because it is made the great objection to us by the outside world, and is the greatest cause of ill feeling and scandal in our midst, and also, because, by publications scattered all over the land, the impression is sought to be made that Spiritualists are so eager to meet the issues involved in the subject. When our moral standard is defined, it will cover, if true, all possible particulars of special action.

(3) But the imperativeness of this demand will be more evident when we remember that multitudes of Spiritualists, in a crude way to be sure, have already affirmed in theory and, to some extent, practically, a basis for morals. This is done in a sort of negative way, when all creeds and institutions are repudiated which claim authority over the individual soul. We go further than this, and assert personal freedom in the largest sense, and refuse to allow any limitations save those which are from within ourselves. These concepts, declaratory utterances of men and lecturers, when reduced to logical precision, mean simply this: that man is, in and of himself, rightfully free to exercise each and every one of all the faculties forming his individuality, in accordance with their own spontaneous or natural gravitation, without hindrance or interference on the part of any person or persons whatever. This is the clear, broad statement, without any limitation or qualification, and if true, will admit of no limitation which is not materially and logically contained within itself. Examining the proposition carefully, we see that it naturally contains, and logically yields this further statement. The only limit to any man's freedom of action is where it trenches upon the equal freedom of another. A single glance will show us that such interference could never occur in a healthy condition of the human faculties. The above statements are quite unobjectionable, and constitute the crude theory termed *Individual Sovereignty*. It must not be overlooked that this theory meets us continually in the speeches and writings of a large number of Spiritualists; and if it contains the absolute truth of man's moral standing in the universe, then it ought to be clearly defined, and all its logical applications succinctly stated, and we be prepared to abide the application of our own principles. As it is, we affirm one thing in principle and another in practice. I am not satisfied with such an inconsistent and shuffling course. I want a moral standard, not as a despotic ruler, but as an acknowledged and demonstrated exponent of our conception of moral truth as a body of progressive people.

(4) There is still another reason demanding this work at our hands, for it is impossible to understandingly adjust ourselves in any form of relationship or action, till we agree upon some central, or basic principle of right.

We have formed a National Organization. We are forming, and are urged to form local societies. Upon what basis? Do we come under any obligations to each other, by such association? In fact, does man owe any duty to his fellow man; and if so, wherein, and why? If every human being is sole sovereign of him, or herself, on what can we predicate obligation? And if organizations are based upon that theory, are they anything more than mere measures of temporary expediency? Indeed, can there be any rightful government of any kind, except simple, voluntary associations, from which any member is at perfect liberty to withdraw at any time? Is not secession an indefeasible right? Is not all government despotism? What right has any man to claim ownership in the soil? What right have legislatures to tax me against my consent? These, and a host of analogous questions, demand solution, and must be answered before we can enter upon any arrangements which relate us in social positions with each other. In this Convention, was there not a secession last year, on the plea that it abridges and restrains the liberty of individuals? What right have you as a Convention, to say that one person and not another shall have the privilege of speech on this floor? You cannot answer even this question, without defining the central principles of all morality. And, before any great progress can be made in our associations, we must understand whether they rest upon principles of organic right and order, or on the sheerest makeshifts of an ever-changing, uncertain expediency. The fact is, that we Spiritualists, by repudiating the only standard of morals, which is ostensibly absolute, (that of the Church), and neglecting to affirm another in its stead, have thrown ourselves essentially into the school of expediency. Nor can we defend our position and voluntary participation in the existing governmental and social conditions of society on any higher ground than that of Jesuitism—"the end justifies the means."

To attempt to build the new on the rotten foundations of the old, is supreme folly. To dream that the shallow democracy of the politicians of to-day can furnish the substratum of principles, whereon to rest the fabric of a Universal Dispensation of Spiritual Life and Power, is madness of the wildest type. Such, however, must be the result of present efforts, unless we pause, and in the first place, settle the question of our moral standard, before we attempt to build a superstructure. Moreover, we shall forever find ourselves involved in paltry altercations upon questions of no general interest. We shall be persecuted *ad nauseam* with speeches, in which the personal pronoun is the oft-repeated word, and the most emphatic of any term in the discourse. We shall exhibit the sorry spectacle of the personal envy and selfish ambition of little minds, elbowing aside the worthy and cultured workers in the field. These repugnant features of the old, we wish to avoid in the new, and it can only be done by building on a new basis.

(5) But we may urge our general position still more strongly, because the New Dispensation, in its genius and inspiration, contemplates a vastly higher ideal standard of moral excellence; and a

sublimely practical exemplification thereof, than is possible under the old system of the Church. We have already seen that a large class of Spiritualists adopt the extreme notions of *Individual Sovereignty*. Nor is this strange, for it is the logical outcome of our defective Protestantism and its legitimate child, our spurious Democracy. Still it is partially true. True, so far as it goes. But, if left to stand alone, without being complemented by some more comprehensive and universal principle, it leads to absolute disorganization and anarchy. Its vital defect, as an absolute basis of morals is, that it overlooks man's unity in his vehement affirmation of his individuality. If man be an absolutely independent sovereign, he is under no obligations, owes no duties, has no claims upon his fellows, save those which grow out of mutual agreement. The only claim he can set up—the one right he can urge—is to be let alone by others—not to be interfered with in the exercise of his freedom. This is the pure, atheistic view of the question. It completely ignores the spiritual unity of man—that his social faculties as much demonstrate the necessity of a social organization, as his selfish instincts prove him to be an individual. Shallow pretenders to philosophy often take advantage of the universal principle, as though society were a work of art, or a mere mechanical contrivance, gotten up by some scheming persons in the past, purely for purposes of expediency. But the social institutions of men are legitimate, natural growths. The New Dispensation, embracing as it does the profound philosophy of the age, sees and demonstrates the impersonality of the central spiritual nature of man, and Reason its sublimest function; because, because of the attribute of universality, he is as naturally gravitated into social relations as he fulfills any individual tendency whatever. Social association is as normal and necessary to man as personal existence.

Society is not a compact of equal sovereigns, but a phase of humanity's evolution. If the individual man, as a physical or intellectual organism, has functions peculiar to himself, so has the social man, or society. The Divineness of the Unfolding Life of the Universe can never give itself full expression in any one human being. God voices himself in ceaseless variations in the individuals of the race, though in never breaking the perfect harmony of its essential unity of faculty. The individual man, therefore, not being all-comprehending, can never be ruler, or even authority to the many, only as by inspiration and developed sympathy he becomes the interpreter of humanity in its universality instead of its individuality. The New Dispensation contemplates placing man upon the plane of universality or impersonal principles, where instead of traveling the limited circle of selfishness, we shall become profoundly conscious of the tidal throbbing of great, soul-life of the universe; where, instead of great, soul-life of the universe, we shall be the distinguishing feature of the Old Dispensation, we shall feel in all the impulses of our uplifted being, the merging and mingling of our life-current and destiny in the common stream of humanity existence—where, in fine, instead of placing ourselves in the posture of war and conflict with our fellows, we shall realize that all men are really functions of the Universal Life, and therefore, the great work waiting accomplishment is, to bring individuals to a knowledge of this grand fact, so co-ordinating the race in a common purpose, fate and destiny. Moreover, the New Dispensation, by its own inward inspiration, has reached the sublime attitude of supersensuous perception and reason, has seen and felt that personal happiness, so-called, is an impossibility—a dream of wanton madness—only as the individual ceases to be individualistic, and becomes universal. Happiness in the last analysis, is but a name for spiritual unfoldness or growth, in other words, the becoming-consciousness of our universality—that our central, fundamental life is impersonal, and therefore we, so far as individuality is concerned, are indissolubly linked with all men in an absolutely inseparable fate. Behold, then, the application to our subject. The Old Dispensation is, by its own limitations, confined to a code of moral laws, and its principles, the foundation of which is incomprehensible. These many special precepts, must and do fail of ready and universal application. Their very form recognizes, because based upon the false notion of an absolute, independent individualism, and therefore, they intensify instead of curing the selfish spirit of ignorant, egotistic, human childhood—the evil and sin of the world. As the standard of the old regime cannot exceed its ideal, and as that is individualistic, and therefore capricious and selfish, it follows, as a matter of course, that its loftiest practical performances must show the defect and taint of its fundamental affirmations. Such is the fact; for instead of ideally contemplating and securing the equal good of the whole, it allows and decrees the misery of the many for the good of the one or the few. See now the contrast. The New Dispensation, instead of regarding man as a congeries of independent and opposing entities, each one of which, in its ignorant egotism, fancies itself the me, while God and the universe constitute the not me, declares and proves God to be the great, inclusive term of absolute being—the sum total of all other terms—that the affirmation of the me, by man, whether it be the *ego* *ergo* *sum* of Des Cartes, or the "I still live" of Daniel Webster, is the outshining of the Divine Life in evolution—that the affirmation of the not me, is the limitation of the sphere of its individual functions—that men are, therefore, the related and co-ordinated potencies of the Divine Nature, and in the deepest, nay, in the only real sense, they are exponents of each other, and equal factors of the common universal movement which is Life. To the man of the New Era, therefore, the ideal possibility is, to become, in conscious realization, what he sees himself to be in essentially of power and faculty. Instead of standing guard over exclusive private interests he becomes the sleepless, incorruptible sentinel of humanity. Instead of a nervous sensitiveness to personal feeling, he becomes identified with the life of all men. He has no welfare apart from the welfare of others—no heaven which is not universal, and no rights which are not the common inheritance of mankind. To him, all caste distinctions are abolished, and he sees in the teeming multitudes of living men, only brothers of one family.

The different conditions of man in the ages, are but the successive stages of the Divine Evolution in humanity, and therefore, in accord with a perfect wisdom. Regarding the whole humanity as one absolute being, and each man a member thereof, he cares for the good of each one, as sacredly as he would for the integrity of his own physical or spiritual organism. So complete is the identification of the new man, with universal humanity, that he comes as spontaneously to care for the well being of each and all, as the selfish man follows the impulses of his passions. The aspiration of the Old for absorption in the Supreme Being, is in his true sense, for he is consciously identifying himself with the Divine Life or Nature, as a deathless harmonious flow through all the avenues of his being, and thrill with superlative joy every fiber of his wondrous nature. The natural man lives mainly on the plane of sensuous thought and feeling, while he, at will, retires into the profound stillness of self-conscious Divinity. There, in that great sanctuary of universal spirit, the simple realization of pure being—the affirmation *I live*, becomes an anthem of celestial ecstasy, filling the echoing arches of boundless life and being. His ideal of morality is, oneness with God—oneness of man—his logical statement of that ideal as a standard, equal rights to all, injury to none; and his practical manifestation of the same, is in ceaseless acts of good will to all. His duties are the promptings of willing love, instead of constrained performance through fear.

And, finally, I urge the proposition, because the Spiritual Dispensation furnishes ample means for attaining the culture necessary for the practical realization of its ideal of moral excellence. To those who are at all familiar with the resources of Spiritualism, nothing need be said either in argument or illustration, for they know that we have come into the most vital and loving relations with the realm of resurrected intelligences. The wise and good of other times come and talk with us of the sublime problems which underlie all progress. As far as we are capable of understanding it, the philosophy of life is unfolded to us. The basic principles of eternal righteousness and goodness shine forth in the clear, revealing light of their inspirative reasoning. But they do more than this. Profoundly schooled in the experiences of their earthly brethren, they find through a divine and subtle sympathy, a way to the inner depths of our being, melt down the ruggedness of our selfishness, and mould us into a finer model of regenerated, spiritualized humanity. Unfiling in patient effort—what the use of power, exaltation

In love, how can they but influence us in the way of progress. And how can we fail of being transformed into the perfect men, whose acts are all from universal love, directed by the wisdom from above. Heaven is not merely for us, but, with all its treasures of countless ages of life and experience, is with us, and in us. We are the deputed masters of all its power, to aid in our own growth and the progress of the race.

To these means, we may add the experience of past ages, together with the advanced philosophy, science and culture of the present, all synchronizing with the decadence of old systems, and the general feeling that a New Instauration of morals and religion is at hand, thus showing the present means of culture incomparably more ample than has ever been the case before.

But, without recapitulating, or re-stating the argument, allow me conclude with the following remark. The New Dispensation, by demonstrating the essential unity of man—the impersonality of his innermost, spiritual essence, and that it is a filiation from the Eternal Substance, which we call God, and therefore, a function of God, has given a new interpretation to the moral instinct of man, and prepared the way for the logical statement of principles, which shall constitute a perfect standard of moral order. Briefly, I have made the statement, in this address, and conclusively, as I hope, proved the necessity, for us, as Spiritualists, to do this work in a manner worthy of our position and advantages in this great, climacteric period of human history.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Remembrance.

BY J. WELDON COBB, JR.

An August sky, and the moon's calm light,
Sweet scented buds, and a field of white,
Pale, drooping flow'ers, and a fair
The shimmering rays of the evening star.

Adown the glade sings the nightingale,
A mournful croak, and a dismal wail,
Disturb his song; and with silvery tone
He pipes his farewell, and is flown.

Flown! like my hopes—cherished, when life
Partook of pleasure, and knew no strife;
Now, all is changed since childhood's day,
When I plucked white flowers in childish play.

Long years of sorrow, care and pain,
Have crossed my path; and I sigh in vain
For the days I lived in Lore's bright zone:
Now the gulf grows dark, and the night winds moan.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

North Collins Meeting.

Pursuant to call the eleventh annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress convened at Hemlock Hall, Tucker's Grove, on Friday, August 24. The number assembled was unusually small, because of the cold and drizzling rain, which has been so common this month, but as usual love and harmony prevailed.

Giles B. Stebbins, of Rochester, was chosen Chairman, and Miss Josephine F. Smith, of North Collins, Secretary; after which we listened to a few but very interesting remarks from G. B. Stebbins.

He said the condition of the country called for such meetings, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, he had no fears of a failure. If there were few public speakers, others would give utterance to their thoughts and not "resist the spirit."

Mr. Levi Brown, Chairman of Committee, said the Committee had decided not to draft any resolutions, but let all be spontaneous.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, of Hammon, N. J., made a few remarks that were listened to with interest. She seldom spoke at any length when not entranced. A powerful inspiration was upon her, urging her on. She derived strength from such meetings, while she gave that which she received from the spirit world. She thanked God that she held communion with the angel world before passing into spirit life.

Meeting adjourned till one o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting was called to order at one o'clock P. M., when we listened to a soul-thrilling poem by H. B. Storer, read by the impressive voice of G. B. Stebbins, followed by remarks. He spoke of reform, and spirit growth, of the changes of the past and present.

Mrs. Hazen, of Rochester, followed with one of her grandly sublime, symbolical visions and interpretations. She saw the tree of liberty in danger again. Within a twelvemonth, we would again be involved in a civil war, political and religious, more terrible than that of the last four years. The streets of Northern cities would run with blood. All must become united, throw away partisan feelings, and save the republic. As sure as the sun rises and sets her prediction would be fulfilled.

Mr. Gaylord followed with an impressive prayer, under inspiration.

Music and song, by B. Beals, "Under the Ice."

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, entranced—Through fire all become purified; through conflict, all gained heaven; through strife, blood, and tears, our nation would gain a true freedom; would know no bad, no good; no false, no true; no high, no low; no white, no black; all would be brothers, all the children of God.

Chairman—There is plenty of time, friends, and you have plenty of thoughts to utter.

Mr. Gaylord, inspired—Yes, there are plenty of spirits here that want to speak. We thank God they can speak, and urge you to become living witnesses in the grand scheme of elevation and progress. They have warned you, be prepared.

The Chairman thought it best not to prolong the session, because of the cold and dampness. It was better not to destroy the health of the body in seeking heaven, but take care of the body, which is the surest way.

Music and song, by B. Beals—"When we were Soldier Boys."

Adjourned till ten o'clock next morning.

MORNING SESSION.

August 25.

After a brisk rain in the morning, the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone with warmth and brightness; and in spite of the mud and consequent dampness in the grove, an immense crowd assembled to drink in what truth and light might be given.

Morning session of second day called to order. G. B. Stebbins read a poem entitled "The Departed," by H. B. Storer, followed by resolutions drafted by himself, and remarks.

In absence of music, a song by Mr. Gaylord, "We Come to You with Words of Love."

G. B. Stebbins spoke of the freedom of the platform of the Michigan meeting, reading the following resolutions, which were accepted there with but one vote in the negative:

Resolved, That justice, liberty, fraternity, sacred honor and the permanent peace of the republic, demand equal suffrage for every American citizen, without distinction of complexion or race.

Resolved, That common sense, common justice, and the highest welfare of society, and of State, demand the extension of the elective franchise to the women of the United States.

He spoke of women's right to the colleges, to education, freedom of thought, of expression, the majesty of the mind, its limitless bounds, of development. The salvation of the nation is in unity, and enfranchisement of all without distinction of sex or color.

A call for G. W. Taylor by G. B. Stebbins and the audience.

He responded with pleasant, and spoke of the progress of public sentiment. Each year the meetings grew larger. Such meetings were needed in view of the coming struggle.

Dr. Wilson, of Cattaraugus Reservation—Freedom of expression, whatever the thought. Truth is truth, no matter whether it comes from the mouth of the devil or the mouth of Jesus. Woman should be educated. His mother was brought up in the woods; if she had been educated, he might have been a different man; perhaps he should have occupied the Presidential chair instead of the traitor who is there now. He liked the resolves. He wanted the Indian to be made a citizen; wanted him to vote. All wanted the black man to vote; that was right; but don't forget the red man any longer.

Music and song by B. Beals, "Under the Ice," by request.

Adjourned for one hour.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting called to order at one o'clock; a large assembly on the grounds and in the spacious hall. Music and song by B. Beals—"Minnie Minton."

Address by Lyman C. Howe, of Cattaraugus.

A prayer, such as none but an angel can offer, followed by address. Subject—"Charity." Paul says: "Charity covers a multitude of sins." Not that we should commit all manner of sins and degrading crimes, and cover them with deeds of charity; that is not what we understand by it; but when we see the faults of others, no matter what they are, or how many, we should have charity for them, cover them with charity, and not with condemnation, which is too frequently the case. We must have charity for the leaders of the rebellion, these monsters of iniquity, who starved our sons, brothers and husbands. These, worse than murderers, have sent our loved ones to heaven through a most horrible process. We will have charity for them, and cut their throats and send them to heaven too. This may be called selfishness, to send such monsters to the spirit world for the angels to work for, and get rid of them ourselves, but we will have so much charity for them that we will take them from their hell on earth and send them to heaven, if they can find one; have charity for all denominations, for all creed-bounded souls, for the poor inebriate, and dash the poisoned cup from his lips, and save him from a drunkard's hell.

No adequate idea can be given of the inspired words that flow from the lips of this unsurpassed speaker. To know him he must be heard. His address closed with a poem. Subject—"The Surrounding Scene."

Music and song by B. Beals—"I Live for Those that Love Me."

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson—The Society formed in New Jersey for educational purposes and school of industry for both sexes, and a home for mediums. She spoke because much interested in the cause.

Mrs. P. Varney—The work of collecting money and clothes for the freedmen. She wanted all to be ready to give their mite.

Douglass was called for by the audience.

Mrs. Lucy Coleman, of Rochester—She was so constituted that she could always provoke some one to answer her. Perhaps Mr. Douglass would follow her. She wanted justice, simple justice, for the negroes and not old clothes. Simple justice they needed; give them that and they will not need your old clothes. Woman had no voice in making laws. They did not know enough to vote, but you men do. Look at the President you have made! He makes us blush for our country. You cannot despise him more than she does. You nominated him Vice President, simply because he was available, not from principle. You had no reason to suppose he was a good man for the place. You displaced Hamlin who was a good man, and elected Johnson, but not because he was honest. You dare not rely on principle; you dare not nominate a man because he is good and honest. Perhaps she had provoked Mr. Douglass to answer her; she hoped she had.

Douglass! Douglass! by the audience.

He responded, admitting the provokative ability of Mrs. Coleman. She always speaks to the point, but he had not much to say, because of feeling unable. He was surprised in the morning to hear the Indian pleading the cause of his race, on this platform. Here all may rise and plead their cause, the red man, the white man, and even the negro. The Indian had been wronged by the pale face. (A voice—"We want to see your face, Douglass; the building ought to have been arranged differently.")

Mrs. Coleman—If Mr. Douglass will take the platform, it will be more pleasant.

Douglass—(laughing and taking the platform)—Oh, I know what you are at.

The Teutonic race were destructive. Why should they have destroyed the red man? He might have been saved. The country wants civilizing. Why, here they even make remarks on a man's face. Give old clothes to the negro. But if you set old clothes against rights, then away with your old clothes! It were better to give him his rights, but in the interim give him old clothes, we would have him look decent. Give him fair play, and then if he cannot live, let him die; it were better for him to die; until he has the same chance to live that others have, he must be helped. There is danger of giving the impression that he cannot take care of himself, but try him, and if he can't, let him die. To speak effectively, in view of the clouds over us, one must speak the truth and the whole truth. The Philadelphia Convention was nothing but a sham—a red herring thrown before the dogs to get them off the right scent. There are now two parties—one composed of all the staunch and true during the rebellion, the other composed of rebels and their cowardly allies of the North, the copperheads, the advocates of "my policy." The one wants security for the future good conduct of the Southern States; the one says: "You must give proofs of repentance before you send your representatives among us. We want indemnity for the past, and security for the future." The other says: "We forgive you for all; we forgive you for the thousands starved in your loathsome prisons, though your hands are dripping with a brother's blood, come and make one of us." He believed the country would be saved. We all know Johnson; he would do anything to gain power. The man who would sanction the massacre of three hundred loyal citizens of New Orleans, would sanction the assassination of the one man who stood between him and power; would kill nine-tenths of the human family to gain power over the other tenth.

G. B. Stebbins, (giving the chair to L. Howe)—It were best to put out of the way all resolutions before Sunday. We want to send a voice from this

meeting to those who never enter its hall. The one great thing needed now is a knowledge of the condition of the country. He found all through the Western States and in Washington, the people all alive to its condition; but here in Western New York he found such inertia, such indifference, it made him tremble. He believed that Johnson would inaugurate civil war; would give seats to Southern Representatives by the point of the bayonet. It is for Congress to say who shall enter that body, and no one else. The Constitution gives them that power. Johnson is a usurper when he dares to dictate to Congress who shall, and who shall not, enter their halls as Representatives. It is for Congress to say who shall and who shall not. The country never would know how near to civil war we were last February. Johnson's 22d February speech so aroused the indignation of the people, that indignation was poured into Washington through papers and private letters, which were sent to our Representatives and to Johnson; that Johnson did not dare to turn the bayonet on Congress; the tide of indignation restrained him; that insult was too quickly resented for him.

Johnson has all rebels, copperheads, and a few renegade republicans to back him, but we know our man. We must be true and stand by Congress.

He read the following resolutions, including the resolution of the Michigan meeting:

Resolved, That we see but two parties in this country—the one, under whatever names or pretences, the same party of lawless usurpations which had its leaders South and its servile helpers North, through the years of our terrible civil war; the other, the great party of liberty and Union.

Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, Wm. H. Seward, and others like them, receiving the support and praises of the leaders of the late rebellion, are guilty of base and lawless plots to usurp power, and bring new and sore peril upon the country; and that a loyal Congress must be kept strong by the moral and political support of a thoroughly aroused people, and wax stronger in the assertions of its prerogatives, and in fidelity to the great principles of justice and freedom, that we may escape imminent danger and gain security for the future.

Lyman C. Howe moved that the resolutions be adopted. Motion was seconded, and the rising vote taken. Only two rising in the negative, in an assembly of over 3,000 persons.

Meeting adjourned till ten o'clock Sunday morning.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Pursuant to adjournment the meeting was called to order Sunday morning at ten o'clock.

Although there was plenty of mud, threatening clouds, and occasional showers, the immense hall was densely packed, and hundreds on the outside unable to hear the speaker's voice.

Music and song by B. Beals—"The Evergreen Mountains of Life."

Address by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, entranced; commenced with an angelic prayer. The subject of her discourse was "Love to all." We have heard a great deal about charity. Love should go hand in hand with charity. Without love, charity is no charity. Have love for the rebel; not that we sanction rebellion, far be it from us, but it will make him no better to kill him. Have pity for his lost condition, and try to teach him to love all, then he will be a rebel no longer. Love all the erring, the weak and the sinful.

The medium asked for questions. Several were asked, and the answers quickly and satisfactorily given.

Mrs. Lucy Coleman—She had not much to say, merely a thought suggestive. She wanted people to act on their own responsibility. If you do a bad deed, say you did it, don't throw it off on any spirit embodied or disembodied. If you say or do a good thing, take the responsibility; don't say somebody else said it or did it. She wanted to be herself and nobody else. There were a good many things about Spiritualism that she liked, but she liked individual responsibility. She did not want to be governed by other minds, embodied or disembodied.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson—She had no doubt that Sister Coleman would believe in the spirit philosophy, if she had felt the gentle influence of the angel world, as she had. She thanked God that spirits could guide mortals. If we kept ourselves in good influences, bad spirits would have no control over us, and good ones would ever be near.

Music and song by B. Beals—"A Thousand Years."

A prayer, under inspiration, by Mrs. Maria B. Eldridge, of Oswego.

Meeting adjourned for one hour.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting was called to order.

Music and song, by B. Beals.

Address by Fred. Douglass—It had been remarked that a negro ought not to be allowed to speak. He asked pity for that little soul. There were two classes of subjects—great men and great events. Great men had told of great events, of interest to the country. They told of civil war long before the bursting of shot and shell. When all was bright and hopeful they told of the storm of rebellion. They speak only to the few, great events speak to the many. The great event of our time is civil war. There has been a great progress in sentiment through civil war; a greater must come. Man looks outside of himself for causes. A man dies; it is said, "Tis God's vengeance." A child takes poison in its stomach and dies; the minister says, "The Lord has taken the child to Himself for some wise purpose." An earthquake destroys whole cities; 'tis a dispensation of Providence." It is a great step in progress when men learn they are responsible beings; that they are governed by laws that guide them, or ought to guide them, in their relations toward their fellow men.

When men pray, they must answer their prayers themselves. He had prayed a great deal, but he had to answer his prayers himself if they ever were answered. If man wants to be truthful, he must stop lying; if he wants to be temperate, he must stop drinking, and become so; if he wants to gain knowledge and be wise, he must work and sweat, real brain sweat, too. He believed there was such a thing as vicarious atonement. In China if a man was condemned to be hung, he could get another to take his place for thirty shillings, that was vicarious atonement. During the war, if a man was drafted he could get a substitute to take his place; that was vicarious atonement. Now-a-days some folks take spirits for substitutes; that is another form of vicarious atonement. He believed there was not much outside of man. Man is pleasure making. He can study himself; he makes his own heaven and his own hell; he makes his own good. A good man will have a good God; a loving man will have a loving God; a loving man will have a loving God. A man's God always agrees with himself. (A voice, "Get up, so we can see your face.")

Douglass—(getting upon a seat)—It is very important you should see me, and a dark object is not so easily seen. (Laughter.) In the moral and physical world there are powers to work out results in

moral truth. In the physical world there is power to work out physical results, as physical industry brings forth from the bosom of the earth vegetation to supply our physical wants. Justice, truth, and love, are the saviours of the world. If we receive them, we are saved; resist them, we are lost. In exalting others, we exalt ourselves; in degrading others, we degrade ourselves. If our country exalts one race and degrades another, she is lost. In neglecting to do our whole duty we call down upon ourselves a mighty penalty. Equal and well balanced justice toward the black man, will save the United States; other than that, she is lost. It is not the rebellion of the past, but of the future, that threatens us to-day. The leading rebels, copperheads of the North, Seward, and a few other renegade republicans, with Johnson at their head, form a mighty party. But we know them; we know Johnson; the rebels knew him before he was elected, as well as we know him now. Some may think that he goes too far in saying that Johnson was knowing to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, but he always thought so.

Do you remember the note found on Johnson's table from Booth? Was it from a stranger to a stranger, or from one that had met in private conference, and wished to again? Evidently the latter. He always looked upon it so, but the people said it was an attempt to kill Johnson. Booth never intended to kill Johnson. If the rebels knew Johnson then as well as we know him now, why should they kill him? If the rebels believed Johnson true to his vows against traitors, they would rather have the gentle Lincoln in the chair. There is no evidence that Johnson's life was ever threatened. There is evidence that when first inaugurated and breathing out vengeance to traitors he was sending letters to the South, telling them that they were all right now. Johnson was a man of intellect, vigor and determination, and lofty ambition. There was only one man between him and power, and power was what he wanted. The whole-souled Lincoln was removed, and a traitor is in his place. Johnson says the States were never out of the Union. If they were never out of the Union, the Union was out of them, and is not in them yet; and we don't want their representatives in Congress till there is a little more Union in them. When there can be free speech, a freedom for a peaceable assembly, a security of person and property in the Southern States, then we will believe the Union is in them. Look at the impudence of our veto power. In monarchical governments, where a bill passes both Houses of Parliament, the monarch dares not veto it. If Queen Victoria should veto a bill that passes both houses, she would lose her head. In our own government no President has vetoed a bill that passed both houses, in 150 years. But now our President gives us plenty of vetoes. We can have a little veto for breakfast every morning. Johnson always belonged to the rotten Democratic party, and when that party broke in two, from mere rottenness, Johnson held fast to the most rotten end, the Breckinridge end. He is there yet. The American people should give the right of suffrage to the negro, for his services during the war. Then they as negroes did their part. He was proud to say that he had two sons in the army, too. They may need the negro again. In the beginning of the war you would not let negroes fight. It was a white man's fight. McClellan would not fight with a negro. He would not fight at all—but you had to come to it. At first both federals and confederates fought against the negro. In the end they both fought for him. The last dying groan of the Confederacy was "Help, Pompey, or I sink." They both wanted the negro to fight. You may want him to fight again.

Music and song by B. Beals and Miss E. Bushee—"Here is a Health to Columbia."

A few remarks by G. W. Taylor. He spoke of the changes of the past; of some that passed to spirit life, who were wont to meet here.

Meeting adjourned till sometime next summer.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Among the Ocean Shells.

BY J. WELDON COBB, JR.

(Concluded.)

Another species of this family, is the *emarginula reticulata* or slit-limpet, which, although not strictly a limpet, is so classified by many older naturalists. The form of its shell is conical, its margin being delicately notched, the points forming the extremities of the radiating ridges; for its entire surface is covered with reticulations. The animal itself has its side ornamented with two symmetrical gill-plumes, one on each side.

Closely related to the slit-limpet is the keyhole limpet or *Assurella reticulata*. The shell of this curious animal is of a long oval outline, of a lower cone, reticulated, like the slit-limpet, but pierced at the summit with a double hole, which orifice is undoubtedly used for the emission of effete water, taken in while breathing.

Another shell of quite another class, is the tusk-shell or *dentalium entalis*, much resembling in color, form and curvature, the shell of a gastropod mollusk. Many assert that the animal is a mollusk of the limpet order; others deny this, and claim it is an ally to the *serpule*. Anatomical researches lead us to believe that it is in possession of red blood, and some other of its peculiarities are in close affinity to those of the *annelide*. We may therefore regard it as a member of this class, and one of those interesting forms which link together two great divisions of the animal kingdom. It exists on foraminifera and minute creatures, and is one of those curious animals not yet fully scientifically developed.

A much rarer shell, and one whose likeness to one of our national emblems renders it at once a nonentity, is the "Cap of Liberty," or *Pileopsis Hungaricus*. So exact and precise is its resemblance to a cap, that many would regard it as of artificial workmanship and a model for a Phrygian bonnet; this shell is both scientific and popular. It is highly polished in its interior, and is remarkable for its porcelaneous smoothness and glossy brilliancy. The rough epidermis of its exterior, is of a hue varying from a bright yellow-olive to a dull brown. This very rare specimen of a mollusk is found often in water ranging from thirty to fifty or even sixty fathoms in depth.

The living animal is not unworthy of its elegantly painted house. A pale-yellow color and a rose-pink mantle, fringed with an orange border, alleviate to some degree the dullness occasioned by the swollen head and protruding tentacles surmounted by eyes. The tongue-ribbon carries seven rows of teeth, the central one differing essentially from the others in shape.

The "cup and saucer limpet" is another of those rare and beautiful shells common to the Atlantic coast, and often called Calypsea. It is a pretty little white porcelaneous cone, with a curved plate,

thin and projecting, and greatly resembling a saucer. The eggs containing her offspring, she imprisons under her foot; her patelloid shell serving to protect and hatch her young. Her eggs are oval, of a yellow hue, enclosed in membranous capsules, which are elliptical, flattened, translucent, and filled with an albuminous matter.

We can, however, form no adequate idea of the form of these creatures, without appropriate engravings; suffice it, however, that a walk along the rocky coast of New England will be sufficient to convince the reader of the truth of these statements.

Our coasts are rapidly changing; new deposits of calcareous and siliceous nature are being formed daily, and new continents are forming from the united efforts of these minute mollusks. Old coast-lines are varying and wasting away, and America is rapidly extending into the sea. During the past ten centuries the world has been undergoing a great change; what may transpire in the To Come on earth, we know not.

Science calls for recruits; her bounty is large. She offers fame, glory, and even wealth. Day by day intelligence is received of new geological researches, and scientific investigations. Day by day the vast book of nature, heretofore a clasped volume, is slowly unfolding her leaves; yet never can science die out, for the mysteries of archaeology, the untold history of ages unknown, yet remain to be written.

Man of ambitious hopes, would you become famous? Would you write your name beside those of Cuvier, Linnaeus, or Lamarck? If so, join in the fray; press forward, and by investigation of nature, solve the great chronological problem relative to the age of the world, and (for it is natural) join in that song that ascends from many a reckless heart, as you conquer mysteries never before explored, of "Excelsior," and of "Onward!"

You own ambition is your life,

And mingle in the fiercest strife,

Chanting wild words with wrecking life?

Then scorn all love, and scorn all hate;

Meet ye, and wreck the direst fate

That bars your pathway to the Great!

Chicago University, Aug. 29, 1866.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Letter from A. H. Williams.

EDS. JOURNAL: I have been traveling for six months with one of the best physical mediums we have now in the field.

Wherever we go we stir up the waters of superstition and old theology to a wonderful extent, and we have found in all places good and faithful friends and co-workers in the cause of truth. Our good and much beloved sister, Mrs. A. Wilhelm, has followed in our meetings with her mighty and soul-stirring lectures, that take and carry by storm all the objections which they have framed in their minds.

The medium I have with me is Miss Eugenia J. Barrock. Her manifestations are the moving of instruments; taking rings from one person carrying them across the circle, putting them on others, taking watches and other things, and doing the same. At the same time the medium sitting in a position that will satisfy all that it is not her doing these things.

If there should be any of the friends throughout the country that would like to have a visit from us, they will please write to A. H. Williams, Quincy, Ill.

Berwick, Aug. 27, 1866.

Letter from Ohio.

DEAR JOURNAL: Enclosed find \$3.00 as renewal of my subscription. I would not be without the JOURNAL for three times the cost of it.

As to the communications contained on the 6th page, I think they are indispensable. I speak from my own feelings and all others that I have conversed with who read the JOURNAL.

We hold our meetings every other Sabbath, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which there is always preaching by our beloved sister, H. Thomas, inspirational speaker. One thing we do want to arouse the people, and that is a visit from some demonstrative lecturers, who can enforce what they preach by supernatural power. Could we have a call from some of our dear friends who are laboring in the cause of Spiritualism they would meet with a hearty welcome, I assure you, and we would reward such a favor pecuniarily as best we can. Lecturers can address Amos Brosious, or Thomas Amos, Mount Union, Stark Co., or J. H. Meredith, Sandy P. O., Columbiana Co., Ohio.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Fruit Dale, Ohio, Aug. 25, 1866.

Letter from Thos. Haskell.

THE ONENESS OF SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I am glad that the columns of the JOURNAL are open for each individual to express his opinion upon his own responsibility. We all occupy different standpoints, and it is well we do, for it needs us all to show the truth in its different bearings. There is an article in the JOURNAL of the 25th inst. headed Spiritual Philosophy and Christianity, in which the writer says that, "between the Spiritual or Harmonical Philosophy and the system of Christianity there is no pivotal unity or essential oneness." From my standpoint it appears the reverse. The New Testament was a sealed book to me until I got hold of Spiritualism. That made the whole plain to my understanding that Jesus Christ was a great medium, and that the doctrine that he taught and the example he set us were true and right. It matters not whether they had been taught by others or not. I do not find any Spiritualists that have lived anywhere near up to the teachings of Jesus yet. If his teachings are true, those who teach different must be wrong. I do not know but there may be more truth revealed than Jesus taught, but until we practice all that he taught I think we need not feel much anxiety about a higher system. I hope to see Spiritualists come out and take a higher stand than has ever been occupied since the days of Jesus and his disciples.

THOMAS HASKELL.

West Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 30, 1866.

Letter from Adrian, Mich.

DEAR JOURNAL: Next month I expect to commence lecturing again; have been very busy with sick ones the last month; no cholera here but some sudden deaths. I expect to come West this fall. Have not attended any Spiritual meetings this summer, and do not want to if I must be choked from the utterance of truth. If we are to be prohibited from advising and demonstrating a better course through life, of what use are Spiritual meetings? How are we or humanity to become exalted from the low plane of animality and disease and prepared for the communion of glorified spirit intelligences, if our mouths must be shut and our tongues paralyzed by the selfishness

bigoted few? That course will never answer. The human family needs practical instruction; even professed Spiritualists need to hear practical truths, and need to have them forcibly impressed upon their minds, even to the extent that they may dare to live the truth, ere they will progress in spirit enlargement. How are we to come in possession of great magnanimous souls when our bodies are in perpetual torment? What will future generations be, if there is no reform in woman's dress? No attention paid to our diet and general habits? Why were the Rockford friends so beclouded? Oh, what they know no better, or are they cowards? Oh, what ignorance, prejudice, bigotry and pride there are to contend with; and when such conditions as met at Rockford pass such restrictions, where are the true workers for humanity to look for aid or encouragement? Sad, sad is the thought. However, we must accept it as another lesson teaching us not to look for material strength nor depend too much upon one another here, but look up to the right, and trust alone to the immutable principles of nature for our strength and support.

Yours in good faith,

A. M. L. POTTS.

Adrian, Mich., Aug. 29, 1866.

Letter from Wm. Thompson.

MESSRS. EDITORS: It is undoubtedly true that what is essential to liberalize the minds of the masses, both in and out of the church, is light. It is also well known to all liberals that who the masses are, are hard to reach; for those who are not members of the church are yet, as a general thing, under church influence, and therefore about as hard to reach as the members themselves. They are not accustomed to think beyond or outside of church theories. They are warned against attending liberal meetings and reading liberal books, as having a dangerous tendency. Now the great question at present is, how shall those masses be reached so as to set them to thinking for themselves? This question has given rise to another in my mind, which I here refer to you and your readers for an answer. Supposing of course that the requisite funds were forthcoming, could not you publish an extra, say every two or four weeks, as circumstances should suggest, said extra being so constructed as to be easily cut up into two, four, six or more leaves from two to four pages each, and thus forward to your subscribers, to be by them cut up and distributed among their neighbors in a sort of quiet, unostentatious manner; the matter and heading of each article being such as to naturally gain attention and set the reader to thinking? The necessary funds would have to be raised by voluntary contributions. The publishers would not, of course, tax more than would fairly cover all expenses. Would not the subscribers of the JOURNAL give enough to average one dollar a year each? They would have the privilege of reading, and the pleasure of distributing them according to their own inclination and judgment. I am aware that there are a few who find it hard to raise enough for their regular subscription; such of course could not give anything, but there are many who could well afford to give from one to five dollars each; and to what better purpose could they apply it than for the enlightenment of humanity? It seems to me, that the country might thus be easily flooded with leaves "for the healing of the nations."

WM. THOMPSON.

Marengo, Aug. 19, 1866.

EDS. NOTE.—Yes, brother, the suggestion is a good one. All depends upon the necessary amount of "material aid."

Letter from Keithsburg, Ill.

[The following sprightly letter has so many good hits and good points in it we are constrained to publish it entire. With such encouragement we are willing to labor on, regretting only the *decrees of fate* in relation to our sister.—EDS.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: In looking over the columns of your valuable paper (that is the expression I believe) I see letters from New York, San Francisco, St. Paul, and worse yet, from New Boston, but never one from Keithsburg—just as if there was no such place! I tell you there is, though! If you don't believe it just ask any of the wholesale dealers in whisky and tobacco of your city—they know! In invite your friends to contribute to the columns of your paper; I claim to be one of your friends, and I think the readers of the JOURNAL might probably be instructed and amused by my contributions; that is, they would soon learn how very little I know, and be much amused at my apparent ignorance of the fact. Along with your invitation you give a small hint about volubility. I infer that was meant for your male correspondents, as you are too reasonable, I know, to demand impossibilities of any body.

I thought some of writing to you before this, but abandoned the idea when I came to reflect how my stale slang would compare with the felicitous expressions of Mary F. Davis and Emma Tuttle. Destiny has assigned me my place, and I ought certainly to be well bred enough to keep it. But when I take up the JOURNAL and see New Boston staring me defiantly in the face, I am tempted to forget my good manners for once. They have a Religio-Philosophical Society in that little paradise of phoos. I think they must all be philosophers or "phoos," else they could not abide in that place. I would just inform them and you that we of Keithsburg have a Spiritual Society as well as they. A more inspired set you never saw than we have here usually of Saturday nights. I held a convention in the kitchen sometime since, organized and adopted some resolutions that would astonish you. I would send a copy of said resolutions for publication, were it not, that unlike most good resolves, they were carried out, and that was the last I saw of them! I am only an humble private in the Spiritualistic army, but it chafes me not a little to be forced to lie idly in camp, while you are all fighting so bravely for the right. Without money, and of course without influence, and no brains worth mentioning, what can I do? I have the JOURNAL, to be sure, and

'Tis all I could wish it, glorious and free,
Diest herald of truth, o'er the land and the sea;
And I hail with a prouder, a happier brow,
Each number that cometh to cheer the dull now.

There, don't you think the spirit of Lord Byron was somewhere in the distance when I arranged that verse to suit the occasion? I do. I wanted very much to preserve my papers for future reference, but happening to remember something about a light under a bushel, I nerved myself for the sacrifice, and made what I thought a judicious statement of the precious sheet; accordingly two or three respectable Presbyterians have the reading of it, free, gratis, for nothing. They are exceedingly interested and pleased, but will not risk their reputation for *trifles*. But if in six months' time I am not rewarded by seeing them downright Spiritualists, I shall at least have the grim satisfaction of

being instrumental in making a few more upright hypocrites.

There, you have not "learned" much about Keithsburg, after all; but you got the gist of it in the reference to certain progressive gentlemen of Chicago. I will just add that should you ever be "hard set" for something to fill up your paper, you have only to let me know! It shall not go down if I have to "put out" the washing. And now, with all good wishes, I remain truly yours, (or, "might have been" if the fates had not given me to another, and possibly a nicer man.)

SUE D. MITCHELL.

Keithsburg, Ill., Aug. 29, 1866.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

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For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

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In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given.

On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

End of the Present Volume.

With this number closes the second volume of our paper, and the first year of its existence. We have labored assiduously to make it all that our friends could wish. How well we have succeeded it is for our readers to determine. But we must be allowed to congratulate ourselves, in view of the fact that we have suffered no recession, but through the kindly sympathy and material aid of the friends of human progress, we have been sustained, and enabled to give to our readers promptly and weekly acceptable reading matter, of good variety, of an instructive character, and high moral tendency.

Our aim is, and ever has been, to make it at all times an acceptable hearthstone companion, bringing consolation and hope to the aged, lighting up the growing shadowy pathway of declining life, cheering and sustaining all in the prime of their years, and in the turmoil of life's busy noonday, and encouraging, instructing and gladdening the hearts of those in the morning of life, making what has heretofore been considered the rugged pathway of existence but a gentle and pleasing ascent, filled with constantly increasing attractions, of which the mind can never weary.

If any of our readers have ever failed to receive their paper promptly, it has not been our fault. We have in no instance failed in its issue or prompt transmission to every subscriber at the due date.

But, has it been acceptable, and has it met the expectations of its friends, is the question? Our constantly increasing subscription list is our best answer. Therefore we are encouraged to persevere, and while we tender to all the friends of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its contributors and patrons in particular, our most grateful thanks for their sympathy with our arduous labors, cheering words in the hours when clouds lower about our heads as they sometimes will, and their material aid in the time of need, we may be permitted to say with a continuance of the same, we shall not falter. But with an increase of all, we can correspondingly increase our influence and promote the greater good in the cause in which all our powers of body and soul are engaged; the elevation and equalization of the human race. Relying on interior and superior powers, seconded by our own, although the struggle may be arduous and long, by perseverance we know the end must ultimately be attained.

The Third National Convention.

Since the Third National Convention of Spiritualists closed its session at Providence, R. I., we have taken time to rest, and review, in thought, the doings of that body, and herein we propose to set before our readers a general survey of the field occupied and the plans proposed.

It is our opinion that men and women have never been convened to contribute to the history of Spiritualism and the religious progress of the century who were more earnest in thought, or more thoroughly or evenly impressed with the spirit and duties of the hour, or who were more free from preconceived plans, cliques, or any other thing that would set individual preferences against the social well being of all. When the Convention had been called to order, the preliminary committee appointed, the permanent organization effected in perfect order and harmony, the tables were cleared; there was no unfinished business passed over from the Second National Convention, and no one waited for a time to introduce his or her speciality for the people to consider; therefore all that was presented and all that was accomplished came spontaneously, either from committees in conference or from individuals through the committees to the Convention.

The first characteristic step of the Convention was to refer the constitution adopted at Philadelphia to a committee of one from each State represented for revision and amendment. To this there was some opposition; but it was shown that certain constructions had been given to the old constitution that limited our freedom to act, so it was referred, and in due time came back, stating the purposes and objects of the National Convention, and declaring that nothing of interest to the well being of humanity is foreign to the great Spiritual Movement of the nineteenth century. Thus amended and revised, it was unanimously adopted as our basis of national action.

Next in order came the proposition to appoint a committee of six—three were afterwards added, making nine in all—whose duty it should be to prepare essays on given subjects vital to the Spiritual Movement, to be read or delivered at the next National Convention. The object of this manner of proceeding is to present to the world in compact and statistical form our best thoughts, to solidify our statements; and since a huge boulder thrown with velocity will surmount a mountain, while an equal amount of substance fermented to a froth would only besmear it, we are of the opinion that these essays, properly presented, will mark a period in the history of Spiritualism worthy of our most earnest attention.

Following this, a committee of five was appointed, whose duty it is to analyze and classify the spirit-

ual phenomena, then physical and psychological phases, and report to the next convention.

1st. Are all phenomena called spiritual, produced by spirits?

2d. If not, what per cent. are produced by spirits, and what per cent. can be otherwise accounted for?

This questions the whole mass of phenomena, without discarding any, and we doubt not the committee will be able to make such a report as will open the way for an analysis that will rid the Spiritual Movement of much that is erroneous in point of fact, and objectionable to good sense. However this may be, it is a proposition to do something towards bringing order out of chaos. The results for the first year, at least, rest with the committee.

The next matter of great interest was the report of the committee on education, appointed at Philadelphia. This committee recommended the founding of a National Spiritual University or Lyceum. The report was accepted, and a committee of one from each State appointed to report upon the subject. This committee holds over for the year, and while they have already reported their approval of the idea, are taking steps for its embodiment in a practical proposition to the Spiritualists of the country.

Such is a general statement of the working propositions of the Convention. Aside from this there was speechmaking each evening and a part of each afternoon, from Tuesday until the close of the Convention on Sunday. A large number of resolutions, embodying a great variety, depth and breadth of thought came before the Convention, were discussed and disposed of, according to the will of the majority. Peace, temperance, suffrage for the colored race and for women, capital and labor, questions involving politics, and various other matters of human interest were in their turn discussed, and yet, even if it does seem strange, good order and harmony characterized every session of the Convention. It was not the harmony of compromise either, but the harmony of power and purpose. Occasionally there would be the friction of some over sensitive and over stated personalism; sometimes the clash of opinions in conflict, but hardly for a moment was the steady purpose of the Convention shaded by these incidental matters, and we repeat, they never characterized it; and the proceedings throughout reflect credit upon those who were participants therein, and honor upon the cause. Much praise is due the President and other officers of the Convention; they were unanimously nominated and elected, and happily, they gave universal satisfaction in the execution of their respective duties. The Providence Society and friends were generous and untiring in their efforts to assist in the good work. The Providence choir contributed its share of music and harmony, while our own quartette of sweet singers from Chicago, added not a little to the interest of the several sessions in which they were heard.

May the memories of the week spent in the Third National Convention be cherished, may the practical purposes therein set forth be happily attained, and may the Spiritualists and all other reformers who are struggling for the elevation of human nature, meet in 1867 with clearer perceptions, broader purposes, and more power to urge on the progress of society.

Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Association.

On Friday evening, the 7th inst., we took the cars of the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad for Berlin, in the northern part of the State of Wisconsin, to attend a quarterly meeting of the above named association, which is composed of local organizations at the following points, to wit: Appleton, Oshkosh, Fond-du-Lac, Springvale, Omro and Berlin, the workings of which are so effective, we beg leave to recommend it as a pattern for other portions of the country where local societies are not able to sustain meetings by themselves: "In union there is strength."

Below we give the Declaration of Principles of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Association:

For the purpose of a more permanent organization, and in order more effectually to exert an influence for good upon such as may come within the sphere of such influence, we do hereby, in convention assembled, publish and make known the following declaration of principles, to wit:

I. We recognize the human family as composing one great brotherhood—acknowledging every man as our brother—every woman as our sister, and ourselves individually, under the most solemn obligations to help the needy, to comfort the afflicted, to raise up those who are bowed down, to defend those who are defamed, to share our joys with the sorrowful, to teach by precept and example, purity of heart and life, and to claim equal privileges and immunities for all, under the law, without distinction of color, sex or condition.

II. We distinctly disclaim any right to judge others by any standard we may set up, either in their civil, political, social or moral relations; believing that each for himself and herself, should live up to their highest conceptions of what is just and true.

III. No belief, or disbelief, in any creed, doctrine, formula or platform, either civil, political or religious, shall ever disqualify any person from becoming, or remaining a member of this association, and enjoying all the rights consequent upon such a membership.

IV. That which we claim for ourselves we willingly and freely grant to all, to wit: Freedom of thought and action in all things pertaining to matters of religious faith, belief and practice.

V. The doctrine of a future life of progression for all, of communion of mortals with the angel world, the indissolubility of the ties which connect us in the earth life, with the loved ones who have gone before us and await our coming in the land of the hereafter, is distinctly and unequivocally recognized by us, as the fundamental truth of our beautiful philosophy, and the corner stone upon which is based our present enjoyment, and our future hope.

VI. Believing that union is strength, and that by a concentration of influence and power, the good we seek, can be more readily and surely accomplished, we cordially invite all liberal and pure minded persons, who can subscribe to the above declaration of principles, to unite with us in carrying out the plans and objects therein set forth, agreeing to be governed by such rules and regulations as may from time to time be agreed upon by this association.

Of this Association, Col. A. B. Smedley of Oshkosh, is President, and J. P. Gallup, also of Oshkosh, Secretary.

On arriving at Milwaukee, at about 9 o'clock P. M., we learned to our great regret that we could not go on until nearly two o'clock the following day, hence we were compelled to wait, taking rooms at the Newhall House, until that time. *Ad interim*, we made two or three calls on friends of our cause in that city, and we beg leave to name here, our brother, Thos. J. Freeman, whose soul is always, and all alive to the great work of human redemption from the bondage of spiritual superstition and religious bigotry, as well as from all the "ills that flesh is heir to." This good brother possesses the gift of healing to a remarkable degree. His whole life is mediunistic, and the wonderful manifestations that take place in his house, incidentally, are astounding to skeptics; confirming in

their facts the truths of the spiritual manifestations.

We also had the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Nettie C. Tator, wife of the late Henry A. Tator, who was one of the earliest pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism in this part of the country, and whose poetical gifts have adorned the literature of the current spiritual movement, and whose life on earth went out early in the progress of it. Mrs. Tator possesses most remarkable gifts of psychometry, and impressional influences; and as a writer, would rank among the first in our growing and aspiring country, could she overcome her natural shrinking modesty, and be imbued with a due degree of confidence in her own powers.

Here too, reside Bro. Moses Hull, Dr. H. S. Brown, Mr. Henry Freeman, firm, staunch and fearless upholders and advocates of Spiritualism. Bro. Hull had gone to the Convention the day before.

When the time arrived—1:40 P. M.—we took the cars of the Northwestern Railroad for Watertown, Burnette, Waupun, Ripon and Berlin, at which latter place, after numerous stoppages, changes and delays, we arrived at a few minutes past 9 o'clock P. M. We were met at the depot by brother J. F. Hamilton, who immediately conducted us to the hall of the convention where we arrived just as our good sister, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown had closed an effective address, as we were informed. Here we met many of those earnest souls who have taken up the sword of truth, and are wielding it with such invincible prowess in the cause of right; and among them that zealous and indefatigable soul who, though blind to the outer world of life, nevertheless has a vision clear and distinct as the sunlight of truth, and a heart overflowing with philanthropic love. This worthy brother deserves the most liberal support. His poetical effusions which he denominates "Love Drops," are rightly named, breathing out in rhythmic numbers those soul sentiments that betoken a great, loving and philanthropic heart; and when expressed by his clear musical voice in rapturous notes of song, move his audiences to rapture, or melt them into tears of heartfelt sympathy.

Sunday morning the Convention was addressed by Bro. W. F. Jamieson on the Rights and Wrongs of Woman, to which he held his audience in breathless attention for an hour and a half, and for which masterly address he was overwhelmed with thanks, generally and individually, by the ladies present.

We cannot here give the details of the proceedings of this Convention, as we shall expect them at the hands of the gentlemanly Secretary for publication.

Brief addresses were made in conference by Bro. Hull, Bro. Rousse, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Brother Jamieson, and Bro. L. B. Brown, through whose efficient efforts quite an addition was made to our list of subscribers for the JOURNAL as well as the LITTLE BOUQUET.

We must say, without a glimmer of flattery, that of the scores of Conventions, Quarterly and Grove Meetings we have attended, we have never met a more interested, intelligent and self-sustaining body of people.

Notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the notorious S. P. Leland, who had spent the preceding week in laborious efforts to forestall the Spiritualists and prevent this Convention, and more especially to line his stomach with the yellow legged chickens, and his pockets with the greenbacks of the Orthodox dupes, upon whom he palmed off his transparent humbuggeries; yet, "good speed" to Leland, say we—if his efforts everywhere have the same effect they did at Berlin, the Spiritualists have not a more effective worker in their behalf,—for that Convention was a throng, from the beginning to the end, of one-hearted, sound, and intelligent and self-poised minds, to whom Leland's gross exaggerations of facts, false representations, and even slanderous statements, were exceedingly loathsome and disgusting. And even those minds upon whose ignorance he did in a measure impose, when they became observers of the people and persons he berated and belied, were stricken with horror at the man's temerity, and the reaction of his own libellous words crushed out all decent respect for the defamer in their minds. But he had got their money—some three hundred dollars—and what did he care? For, like some others of his ilk, he seems to have no more respect for himself, than the world has for him. He did one benevolent act, however—we would give the devil his due—he told the clergy that came to hear him, he had come there and done their dirty work for them! that which they dare not do for themselves, and they ought to be thankful for it, and doubtless they were glad to get so mean a job off their hands, and they found him a fitting tool for that purpose; and he gladly accepted the compensation.

"Oh, honest, honest Iago."

The regular addresses were given in this Convention by Mr. Jamieson, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Warner, all of which were able, eloquent and instructive.

We ought not to forget the hospitalities of the citizens of Berlin towards their guests, who were numerous from all parts of the country, and we cannot omit to name our host Mr. J. F. Hamilton and his excellent lady, whose cordial hospitalities will ever be found among our grateful memories.

The meeting closed on Sunday evening, after passing a series of resolutions, and are to hold their next quarterly meeting at Oshkosh, in December next.

Then came the only thing to be regretted at this meeting—the hour of parting—but every soul, cheerful to the discharge of his or her respective duties, nerved itself up to utter the word "good bye," and with blessed memories in the heart, and glorious hopes of a future reunion, turned its individual way, cheered and encouraged by this happy interview, to take up the implements again, and pursue the battle of life.

One Thousand Agents Wanted.

We are in want of one thousand agents to canvass for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. We now have such a variety of business connected with our institution that we can furnish profitable employment for men, women and youth. From two to five dollars per day can be cleared from commissions and sales, and often from that amount upwards to the full commission on the sales of pianos and organs.

Spiritualists and other reformers are preferred, but all music teachers are especially invited to apply for agencies for the sale of music, pianos, and every other variety of musical instruments.

Those who desire to engage in the business will address the undersigned, enclosing two postage stamps, for enclosed circulars, catalogues, letter of instructions and terms of agency. Old agents will do well to send for new commissions, circulars, catalogues, etc.

GEO. H. JONES, Sec'y R. P. P. A.,
Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

The Aspect of the Times.

There seems to pervade the minds of almost every class of thinkers, the idea that another war is inevitable in this country. The opinion is not only entertained by spiritual philosophers, but by politicians and theologians of various schools, as well as by mediums, or the minds that communicate through them—with great variation of thought and diverse conclusions however, with regard to the character of that war. Some maintaining that it will be characterized by blood and carnage, more sanguinary and more devastating than any former war upon this continent. Others, that it will be but a clashing of intellectual steel, a war of words upon policies and principles of government; while others, and by far the greater class, contend that it will be a war combining both the secular and religious powers of the whole people, into which all the bigotry, superstitions and prejudices of secular as well as sectarian forms of education will enter, with infuriated zeal, fired and excited by ambitious politicians, and aspirants for place and power, backed up by designing and subterranean priesthood, which will carry this dire conflict, not only into the sectarian and social relations of life, but into the more sacred domestic circle; a war upon and around our very hearthstones. That the son shall rise up against the father, and the daughter against the mother, brother against brother, and father against the son. That national, social and domestic peace will be wholly broken up. And then again the conclusions are as various and speculative as these apprehensions. Some determining that an ecclesiastical monarchy will result, others that ecclesiasticism will be utterly overthrown, and a new and more perfect republican form of government be evolved and established, that shall bring more perfect peace, not only to this country, but to the world. So we view the aspect of the times. An exceeding agitation pervades, not our nation alone, in every department of it, but Europe and the rest of the world, to a greater or less degree.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

And the Papal power that has for ages held nearly all Europe in abeyance, and whose influence has not been unfelt in our own land, seems "tottering to its fall."

In our own country the Executive authorities are at war with the Legislative, and the people are divided between the two.

The church is rent with schisms and evangelism as exercised in the church—we mean the christian religious world—is at war with itself. There is agitation and commotion in all forms of religious and social communion.

Individualism is cropping out here and there, and new leaders of new sects, and advocates of new theories, in religious and civic life, as well as new philosophers of the natural, moral and spiritual worlds, are constantly being mooted, and their claims advocated by some and derided by others.

In all this agitation the world moves on and moves rapidly, and its course we plainly see is onward and upward. We do not presume to predict the future, but reasoning from the past we do know that higher forms of government, civil and religious, must inevitably result. The human world may travail in great pain for a time, nay, even blood may flow and hearts be wrung with deepest agonies, but out of all this tribulation she shall be delivered, and "arise and put on more beautiful garments," and "join in a new song," when all forms of oppression and slavery shall be done away, and all the earth unite in hallelujah symphonies with the celestial hosts, whose loving hands and hearts have outwrought this great redemption.

What Our Friends Can Do.

A gentleman called upon us a few days since and said, "I love your sentiments and will help you all I can to sustain your institution. I have not got much means but I have some influence with my friends, and especially with the house with which I am the confidential clerk. They will, at my suggestion, give your establishment their patronage." The house he referred to is one of the largest in the city. We have, since that conversation took place, done about three hundred dollars' worth of printing sent in at that friend's suggestion. How easy it would be for our friends, if they would only think so, to aid us in building up our institution. We know of Spiritualists, even, who patronize other printing establishments and get an inferior quality of work done for the same money. We have no reason to complain of the public for reason of a lack of their patronage. We only suggest to our liberal brethren that there are divers and sundry means, which are laudable and proper, by which they might help along the good cause we are laborers in.

We sacrifice a great deal of money to give you a weekly paper, not excelled, if equaled, anywhere in the wide world. A liberal patronage of our other branches of business will very much aid us. Our music, musical instruments and steel plate engravings are of a superior quality and just what thousands of Spiritualists are frequently sending to other places to procure. We will furnish everything in that line at as low prices as they can be obtained at any other place, and send them free of charge to patrons, be it by mail, express or railroad.

Here we offer an inducement for patronage, not met with elsewhere.

Again we call the attention of all who desire to act as our agents, to write for circulars, catalogues, etc., as per directions in our advertisement, found in another part of this paper.

Our Friends.

Those who really feel an interest in the cause of Spiritualism, and desire to see liberal principles embraced by the masses, manifest it by a liberal support of the work in which we are engaged. Prompt renewals of subscriptions by old subscribers is of great importance to us. We cannot afford to send our paper for nothing these times. The blank paper as we buy it of the paper dealer costs us more now than it cost printed and ready for the subscriber before the war. Rents, labor and everything else that go to make up a printing office are proportionately expensive. The first year's subscription, after paying a per centage to agents, leaves us minus on first cost. On the renewals we get a very small margin of profits, hence we cannot pay a per cent. on them. Each subscriber can enclose his or her money in a letter, stating distinctly that it is to renew the subscription to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Be careful and write town, State and subscribers' names very plainly. We again appeal to all who have not already done so, to renew their subscriptions immediately. It is but a trifle to you, dear friend—to us it is the lifeblood, without which ours nor any other similar institution can live.

Direct GEO. H. JONES, Secretary, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Insanity.

It has been said "the devout astronomer was mad," also that the discoverer of steam power was crazy. Many persons, after pursuing a favorite theme for a length of time, become so singular in that direction, they are believed to be insane. A concentration of the mental forces upon certain organs of the brain gives to certain faculties of the mind a tensility, which, in comparison with the ordinary action of the mind, is an extreme, and hence the mind is out of balance, though not insane, for when the attention is directed to other subjects it is as sound as usual, but the moment it is relieved from necessary attention to the subject to which it has been directed, it falls back into its accustomed and well worn channels as naturally as water seeks the deepest cavities and courses for its flow.

If this thing is insanity, then the world owes its greatest improvements, in fact its progress, to insane minds. The men who acquire the greatest wealth by dint of continued application of the mind to one particular channel of thought, are all insane. The men who lead out in new fields of philosophical research and investigation, and acquire fame in that department, are insane. The poet, whose mental powers are all employed in the portrayal of his favorite theme for the time being, is insane. The theologian, the saint, the cloistered monk, the artist, or the politician, who devotes his energies and powers to a given thought, an established theory, a particular system, are all insane then, under this definition of insanity. In fine, it is more difficult by far to determine and define what is *sanity*, than insanity. And simply because individuals at times become impressed with a new or novel truth, the facts of Spiritualism, which are out of the ordinary channels of educational thought, the world cries out insanity. But when, by observation, it is discovered that those individuals still pursue their avocations, still provide for their own, and the wants of others; still contribute to the support of the common wealth and the welfare of the people, then they cry "at times he hath a devil." Does he utter a thought or make a declaration that strikes at the root of their well grounded prejudices, and causes the basis upon which their favorite faith is founded to crumble and give way, since they cannot establish the position that he is crazy or hath a devil, then he is a fanatic or a fool, as though they who had studied the opinions of men in ages past, as written down in books, must know it all; and books received and recognized by unthinking minds as authorities and finalities upon subjects, must of necessity be infallible. If some minds did not add something to the great store of universal knowledge, the world would make no progress, and the human mind become stagnant. Thought would cool upon the surface of the world like lava on the mountain side, and in the valleys; and human ingenuity and improvement become fossilized and dead as statuary in the streets of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The world has never yet had half enough of this insanity. Now and then an insane Columbus, a Martin Luther, a John Wesley, or a more modern Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, a Mrs. Farnham, or a Mrs. Stowe, rises above the level of common thought and sheds the radiance of new light upon the world, and under its inspiring beams new elements in thought's great laboratory are evolved and crop out in active life, and new impulses are given to its progress.

Let such insanity abound until the world becomes one great lunatic asylum, with only God for its keeper.

Dr. P. B. Randolph at the Convention of the Southern Loyalists.

Most of our friends are doubtless aware of the fact that our regular New Orleans correspondent, Dr. P. B. Randolph, was the only colored man in the above named Convention, and the first and only one ever admitted to a seat on any similar occasion. The world moves! A colored man and he a leading Spiritualist, is admitted into a great loyal Convention of the nation, and his voice, bold and eloquent, is listened to with marked attention by the first statesmen of America.

Bro. Shelling, in a postscript to a private letter, says: "I have just returned from an excursion trip to the ironclad fleet in our harbor, which was arranged by the Union League for the delegates of the Convention. What a sight! Glory be to God! for another and one of the grandest steps in civilization. What progress! There was Bro. Randolph, the only colored man in the whole crowd of governors, generals, statesmen, representing the loyal part of the South, not only recognized, but treated with every respect as an equal by all. He made a good and striking speech, which will do him honor, and justice to the race. I am sure he will make such a mark in coming events, that will raise him high, as a champion of universal liberty. I understand he (Randolph) will speak to-morrow at our meeting. Yours truly, "FELIX SHELING."

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Believing in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would not deny the same right to others.

We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader; to write clearly, pointedly, well.

Sequel to Dealings with the Dead.

We shall soon commence publishing the above entitled work, by Dr. P. B. Randolph. It will be of thrilling interest to the reader, and extend through a large portion of Volume 3 of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The Rev. John Pierpont, who graced with his venerable presence the platform of the Spiritualists' Convention last week, is dead. He attended church at Medford, Mass., on Sunday, and retired to rest in his usual health at night. Early Monday morning he awoke and complained of cold feet, and in an hour afterwards he had passed to the world of spirits. Mr. Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Ct., April 6, 1785.

He was an energetic and uncompromising reformer; a graceful and eloquent speaker; a poet of universal fame, and a scholar whose merit was attested by the high reputation that attached to all his literary labors. Some of his poems will always be prized wherever the English language is spoken or read. The last public appearance of Mr. Pierpont was on the platform of the National Convention of Spiritualists in this city, last week. Our readers will recall his response, as President of the Convention, to the welcome of the local committee, when, with words that seemed almost prophetic, he said: "I am going into the spirit world, there to meet with kindred spirits—to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven. I am satisfied that, perhaps, before I address another Spiritual convention, I may walk the earth unseen, and perhaps hold communication with you, one or more, when you wake and when you sleep."—*Providence Journal*.

Michigan Central Railroad.

We had the pleasure, not long since, of passing over this excellent railroad. It is one of the best roads, if not the best, in America. Apparently, no cost is spared which will conduce to the comfort and pleasure of the traveling public who may be so fortunate as to travel this route.

The coaches are, most of them, superb, free from dust and cinders, (with which the traveler is annoyed on most railroads,) and each car is well ventilated—a continual supply of fresh, pure air, a very important desideratum. In winter the coaches are as comfortable as a well arranged parlor. Beneath the seats there is a platform about three inches high, the same width as the seats, and the length of the car. Underneath this platform hot air is made to pass. By resting the feet upon the platform they are kept warm and comfortable.

The conductors on the M. C. R. R., as far as we have been able to observe, are thoroughbred gentlemen, affable and obliging.

Along the entire route, with but few exceptions, the scenery is beautiful. Flourishing villages and cities, which owe a large share of their growth and prosperity to the construction of this road, greet the eye of the traveler as he is "whirled along without horses."

Good News—A Cheaper Edition of the Children's Lyceum Manual.

An abridged edition of Mr. Davis' Progressive Manual for Children's Lyceums is about to be published by Bela Marsh. It will contain all the songs, hymns, recitations and important instructions of the first editions, at about one-half the cost.

Dr. J. P. Bryant, the Great Healing Medium.

We learn from a private letter from our good Bro. Dr. Bryant, that he was to start for California on Tuesday the eleventh of September. We trust he will have a pleasant journey and cordial reception by the many thousands of good wholesome Spiritualists in California.

Presentation.

Mr. Wm. S. Heggie, late foreman of the Job printing department of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, on the 12th inst., was presented by his former associates with a handsome copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an elegant photograph album, gold pen and case, and a complete set of desk furniture.

LATEST NEWS.

MEXICO.—The French Emperor is still rendering aid to Maximilian by men and means.

RUSSIA.—By an imperial ukase all punishments heretofore inflicted upon persons for renouncing the Greek Church, the State religion in Russia, have been abolished. This reform is almost as great a step in advanced civilization as the recent abolition of serfdom.

BOSTON.—The Southern loyalist party had a grand reception on the 12th inst. Faneuil Hall, the "old cradle of liberty," and Tremont Temple, were filled to their utmost capacity.

CINCINNATI.—The President and his party had a reception here on the 12th inst.

In Memphis, on the 12th inst., a drunken justice of the peace struck a peaceable negro, knocking out his teeth. The bystanders took the part of the drunken ruffian.

The Cotton Planters' Convention of Georgia passed resolutions to the women of Maryland for aid rendered the destitute in the South.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

GOING WEST.—A. E. Carpenter, writing from Putnam, Conn., under date of August 25, 1866, says: "I would say, through the JOURNAL, that I propose traveling West this fall by the way of the New York Central Railroad and Lake Shore line. I would like to make engagements to lecture along the route. If there are any of the friends who would like my services, I should be glad to hear from them at once, as I intend starting within a short time. I shall give special attention to establishing Children's Lyceums. Having been connected with a Lyceum the past year as Conductor, I can make my experience, I trust, of some benefit to others who are desirous of commencing in the good work. Spiritualists must not forget that if they would sustain and perpetuate our heaven-born cause, they must work among the children.

COTEMPORARIES.—We were honored with a call from Bros. J. M. Peebles, editor of the Western Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Bro. H. N. F. Lewis, of the Western Rural, last week, both brothers in apparent good health and spirits.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

OBSCENE PICTURES.—A photographer of San Francisco has lately been arrested on the charge of taking obscene pictures. Said charge grew out of the fact of his taking a young female in such a position as to effectually expose the development of her lower limbs to an extent almost equal to that made visible any afternoon on the public streets by high winds and the fashionable style of hoops. The court looked upon the matter and the painted limbs together, and concluded that the charge of obscenity could not be successfully maintained against a mere shadow, when the substance is fully visible.

"There he goes again," said Mrs. Partington in the Legislature, as a member stood up for the fifth time to speak on the same question. "There he goes like a soda fountain, and just as fluid as water. Now, Isaac, mind him, and see if you can't become a speaker of the house of reprehensibles some time. I declare," continued she, as a new burst of eloquence reached her ear, "it does seem as if the mantelpiece of Daniel Webster had fell on to him, he's so bright."

Pierce Butler, Esq., of Philadelphia, is personally testing the difference between slave and freed labor on his rice plantations in Georgia. Of more than three hundred colored persons, once his slaves, all but a few have returned and accepted the wages he has offered them. The contract between Mr. Butler and the freed people, made with their consent and the approval of the Freedman's Bureau, has been formally consummated to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Butler's friends anticipate that next year his crop will be larger and more remunerative than in any former season.

A new Parisian invention is an iron water pipe, running up the sides of those trees in public gardens which require plentiful showers in summer. In this way a fountain can be turned over them at any moment.

The triumphs of electricity over time and distance, of which the success of the Atlantic cable furnishes the most impressive illustration, recalls to mind the following lines, written by Rev. John Pierpont during the Presidency of Gen. Taylor:

"The warrior statesman laying down his pen,
Retires to bed in Washington at ten;
The lightning courier leaps along the line,
And at St. Louis tells the tale at nine;
Halting a thousand miles whence he departed,
And getting there an hour before he started."

TYPOGRAPHICAL LIBEL.—The printed reports made Mr. Darling of New York say in Congress, the other day, in his eulogy of his late colleague, Mr. Humphrey, that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to his Maker." So salient an instance of absurd rhetoric naturally attracted attention, and the quotation from Mr. Darling's speech has been widely copied as an instance of vicious "fine writing." But it seems that a typographical blunder, by the omission of a single comma, did the orator gross wrong, and that what he did actually say in describing the peaceful death of his friend, was, that "without a struggle or a groan the gentle, manly spirit of James Humphrey was wafted into the presence of his Maker."

Not long since a specimen Yankee, fresh from his rural home, took a trip to New York. As he was passing down Broadway he saw a card in a window, on which was printed, "Soda, 10 cents a glass." Jonathan thought he would try some of "that soda which he'd heern tell on." Entering the store and calling for the cooling beverage, he was startled almost out of his boots as the druggist turned the faucet. Rush! fz! whish! went the escaping gas and water. The Yankee jumped backward, with an indignant and startled look, exclaiming: "No, sir! no, sir! You can't play that on me! When I drink bilin' hot soapuds, I hope to be darned!"

"THE LAWS OF TEXAS."—What a delightful place must Texas be to live in! It is stated that when Gen. Gregory went to Texas he visited a lawyer, at his office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie knife, and gave it to the General. The General carefully examined it, laid it down, and said, "I desire to look at the laws of Texas." The lawyer replied, "That (the bowie knife) is the laws of Texas. A few statutes have been passed. Nobody notices them. The only laws used in this State, the only laws here noticed, referred to, and used, are the bowie knife. The rule is, at night, walk in the road with cocked revolver held forth; let no person come near you; if they do, shoot, and kill if you can. Any other plan will insure your own death."

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go around and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn in pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive, affording great pleasure to those who take pride in it.

Marriages.

By marriage we mean the union of souls—the joining of two life-streams for a stronger, diviner flow to the eternal sea.

September 10th, 1866, by the Rev. D. M. Reed, at the residence of Mr. Thomas G. Scougal, (the bride's brother), Mr. ARCHIBALD A. BROWN, of Quincy, Ill., and Miss BELLE SCUGALL, of Rockford, Ill.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.—All persons desiring any of the books advertised in our columns can obtain them by return of mail, by enclosing the amount of price and postage, with their address fully and plainly written to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Any one sending an order and not receiving the books within a reasonable time, will please address us, as all orders are filled immediately.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS, by Clara Morgan. This excellent and popular sheet music is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Remember the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION will fill orders for any and all kinds of sheet and book music and musical instruments, and send by mail, express or railroad, free of charge, at the very lowest prices. Pianos and organs at manufacturer's prices.

Selections will be made by Prof. Hughes, and every instrument warranted. Address "Music" R. P. P. A. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains Six Lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter. The following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz.:

1. Astronomical Religion.
 2. Religion of Nature.
 3. The Creator and His Attributes.
 4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny.
 5. Sin and Death.
 6. Hades, the Land of the Dead.
- Together with the outline of a plan for a humane enterprise and an autobiographical introduction with an appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers.

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving of the author, by Donnelly. Price, in paper, 75 cents, bound in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of the price.

MISSING PAPERS.—We receive occasional letters from subscribers, informing us that some numbers of the JOURNAL are not received. To all we would say, if you do not receive any numbers to which you are entitled, write and they will be forwarded by return of mail. In writing be particular to specify the number of the paper, or the date, or both.

Thus: "Send me No. 11, Vol. 2, dated June 9, 1866, which I did not receive."

We have one request to make, and that is that subscribers will not allow more than two weeks to elapse, as we cannot guarantee the sending of a paper after that interval.

Address the Secretary.

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lowry will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 300 1/2 State street, where she will examine the human system clairvoyantly, and give a diagnosis of the diseased organs, and a statement of the cause of their diseased state, and treat the same.

Will also give psychometrical diagnosis of diseases of those who are at a distance, either by a sketch of their hair, their autographs or photographs; and by the same means give a delineation of character, and direct their minds to the profession or occupation for which their organizations are best adapted.

Price for examination, \$1.00. Consultation, Free. Hours for Consultation, from 9 to 11, A. M., and from 1 to 5, P. M. [24-1f]

Mrs. M. C. JORDAN, Test and Business Medium, 251 South Jefferson street; take Clinton street cars on Randolph street.

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.—Dr. Persons, late of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, who has treated over 33,000 patients the last three years, and whose cures have never been surpassed in the world's history, will heal the sick at the following places:

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at the American House for fifteen days, from Sept. 5th to Sept. 30th.
Lyons, Iowa, at the Randall House for fifteen days, from Sept. 21st to Oct. 6th.
Davenport, Iowa, at the Sixth House, for 30 days from Oct. 10th to Nov. 9th. 2-21-1f

FADING AWAY.—How often we see men and women who are fairly fading out of existence. They seem to have no special disease, but general lassitude and languor; no ambition, no energy, indigestion, weakness, total inability to eat and relish food, etc., etc.—all which is nothing but dyspepsia. Geo's Dyspepsia Cure will surely cure every such case, no matter of how long standing. It is also a most excellent remedy for cholera morbus, cramp, or colic, in either stomach or bowels. We advise all suffering to try it.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosey's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church." Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, organized under the laws of the State of Ohio, as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, under the auspices of this Society, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

CANTON, OHIO.—The Religio-Philosophical Society of Canton, holds regular meetings on the first Sunday of each month, and Conference Meetings on intervening Sundays, at 2 o'clock, in Joseph Smith's Spirit Room.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" have rented Mercantile Library (small) Hall, and have regular lectures every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON—MELODEN.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon at 10 o'clock.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 1/2 A. M. every Sunday.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 34th street, near Broadway.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—The First Association of Spiritualists holds regular meetings on Sundays at Washington Hall, southwest corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

Lyceum No. 1 at the same place.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sanson Street Hall at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in same place at 2 1/2 o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M. in the same place.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Laporte, Ind.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allyn. Address Woodstock, Vt.

W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. R. Andrews. Address Dilton, Sauk Co., Wis.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopkedge, Mass.

Mrs. Adie L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmsted county, Minn.

Love Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio.

C. C. Blake. Address Dahlonga, Wapello Co., Iowa.

M. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass.

M. C. B. Bliss, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture to the West during the fall and winter. Address, for the present, Berlin, Wis., care of J. Webster.

L. B. Brown will answer calls to lecture. Address Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 5815, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene's address is 32 Fifth street, New York.

Mrs. R. H. Burber, healing and prescribing medium, Pekin, New York.

B. J. Butts. Address Hopkedge, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Judge A. G. W. Carter. Address Cincinnati, Ohio.

Annie Lord Chamberlin, Musical Medium. Address Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass.

G. D. Inscall, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin, at Waterville, Wis.

W. H. Holington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.

Mrs. S. A. Horton. Address Brandon, Vt.

M. Henry Houghton. Address West Paris, Me.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

W. A. D. Hume will answer calls to lecture, on Spiritualism and all progressive subjects. Address, Cleveland, West Side, O., Ohio.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson. Address East Braintree, Vt.

Wm. Kilpatrick lectures on Spiritualism, Phenology and Hygiene. Will receive subscriptions for stock in the Chicago-Pittsburgh Publishing Association, also for the JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET. Address, Olivet, Mich.

George F. Kittridge. Address Grand Rapids, Mich.

J. S. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address Hamburg, Conn.

Charles S. Marsh, semi-trance speaker, Wrentham, Wis.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 221, Chicago, Ill.

Miss A. P. Mudgett. Address Atlanta, Ill.

A. L. P. Nash will answer calls to lectures and attend funerals in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

Sarah A. Nutt speaks in Aurora, Ill., during August; in Belvidere, September; in Elgin, October; in Beloit, Wis., November. Address accordingly.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearson, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

J. M. Peebles, box 1402, Cincinnati, Ohio.

George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me.

A. A. Pond, inspirational speaker. Address, North West, O.

J. L. Potter, trance speaker. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa.

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Dr. W. K. Ripley. Address box 95, Foxboro, Mass.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Broadhead, Green county, Wis.

Mrs. Belle Scougal, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill.

Austin E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the 1st Sunday, in Bridgeport on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through
MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

Public Circles for these communications will be held at the Reception Room of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, (room 57, upper story, Lombard Block, first building west of the Post Office,) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at precisely half-past ten o'clock A. M., after which hour no one will be admitted.

The Reception Room will be open on those days at ten o'clock A. M., for those who procure tickets to the public circles, and none others.

Admission tickets can be procured at Tallmadge's book store, on the left at the entrance to the building.

Those who desire may present, for answers, such questions, in writing, as shall be of general interest to the public.

SEPTEMBER 7.

INVOCATION.

Dear to us is Thy name, oh, Father of Light, yet dearer is the assurance of Thy ever watchful care—Thy ever and never ceasing love towards us, Thy children. It matters not to Thee of their surroundings, whether they exist upon the material or the spiritual planes of life—all, yes all, are the same to Thee.

And though our experiences may, like unto the seasons, be constantly changing, and the chilly blasts of winter sweep harshly over us, still we would trust in Thee, knowing that Thou hast the will and power to produce the many changes for the unfolding of the power and strength within and for our good.

We feel, oh, Father, that all is light with Thee, and that that which is darkness and speaks sorrow to us, is filled with light by Thee.

How sweet the thought that we are children of Infinite Parents—infinite in love—infinite in wisdom—infinite in truth—infinite in mercy—all, yes all, that our minds can conceive of, are centered in Thee. Ever through all time, we would thank and praise Thee.

SEPTEMBER 7.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY F. N. FERREE.

Q. Is there any spirit that will communicate with me?

A. Certainly, my brother, there are spirits upon the spiritual plane that would communicate with you—who desire strongly to communicate, but do not always find conditions favorable on the material plane.

We believe that you are very impressible. We see the interest you have in the subject of spirit control. We perceive the sincerity of your desire. We trust that you may reap the benefits of spirit power.

Questioner—I thank the spirit for the interest manifested.

QUESTION BY B. S. CASWELL.

Q. There are spirits that I used to get communications from. I see them, but cannot get a communication. I see them as plainly as I see persons in the form. Can you give any reason for this?

Spirit—I understand the brother to say that they once communicated with him.

Questioner—Lately I can see them, but cannot receive any communications from them.

A. We would infer, brother, that there is a change taking place in your mediumistic powers. Spirits manifest themselves to your spiritual vision, that you may know that they surround you. It is all, undoubtedly, necessary, and they do not deem it expedient to manifest themselves in any other way at present.

QUESTION BY J. MUNSON.

Q. Will a person become clairvoyant through sickness who was not so in health, and will he also become clairaudient, and retain those powers on recovery of health?

A. If the physical system was changed by disease, so that the person manifesting such mediumistic power—if the prostrate condition was caused by disease—then the person would not retain that power after recovery of health. But if the power existed prior to illness, it would continue after recovery from that illness.

It is often the case that individuals on a sick bed see their spirit friends, and converse with them freely. This is the experience of many just before they pass away from the material plane. They are in a very negative condition at such a time, and can more readily take cognizance of spiritual things.

QUESTIONS BY A READER—FROM MADISON.

Is there the same kind of social distinction existing among the invisibles as here?

Are there domineering classes there?

If there is caste in that world, what is its basis?

A. We will say that there is not that distinction upon the spiritual plane, from the fact that individuals cannot disguise their true conditions on the spiritual plane of life—have not that power. They are seen and known as they are, just as they exist, consequently there are no external appearances that can be deceptive.

AUGUST 30.

WILLIAM HOLMES.

I see, now, this is August. About a month—less than a month—since, I died. I believe if there had been more care taken of me—a more thorough investigation of the nature of my disease—I should have been alive in my earthly body to-day. I want to say that I have not recovered so as to be myself—to manifest myself so suddenly, I mean. My death was sudden. I am getting stronger every day. By the time you find out that I can talk to you, by the time this reaches you, I will gain sufficient strength to say what I want to, if you will give me an opportunity. I do not tell you to go to any one in particular—go to any of the mediums. I have laughed more than once on account of this spiritualism. I don't laugh about it now, though. I said that by the time this reached you that I shall be stronger, and will talk to you better than I can. I was not sick but a few hours. It was in the night, too, that I died.

William Holmes is my name. [How long is it since you died?] This month, I told you. There are more dying with cholera than you have an idea of. It is an awful disease. It draws a person up, twists him up into knots so tight. First the extremities, then the vital organs, and the life

forces can no longer work. It is a pity some would not learn how to handle the disease successfully. It is no matter—it took me off any way. [Had you not examined the Spiritual Philosophy before you went over?] Some. They told me I was helped a good deal to do my work, but I don't know. I hope that none of you will have to go as I did. Good day, sir. [Good day.]

NO NAME.

They called me crazy. I had enough to make me crazy, too.

The reason I was crazy was because I had such anxiety, such strong desire, to know the future. I found no person on earth who could tell me about the future. It was my whole aim and desire to know about it, and the farther I looked into the Christian theory, the farther I was from knowing anything real about it. I couldn't stand it. [Medium rests her head upon her hands.] Got a communication—got a message from my brother, and it was so straight, so convincing to me, that it established the fact to my satisfaction that there was an existence after death.

I set to work to let everybody know that was a truth—a fact. It was while engaged in my labors to demonstrate clearly the truth I had received, that they called me crazy. They shut me up; they confined me in the lunatic asylum, but they did not confine my thoughts. I was not crazy, after all.

A person kept in that horrid place, arousing the cruelty of his nature, if he was not crazy before going there, would become so afterwards.

I told them Christ never died to save sinners. I said he died for truth's sake. He gave truth to the world, and he died before he would deny it. They said I was crazy because I said that he proved clearly when he was crucified that he did not claim to be equal with God. About that time did he not say, "Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." It was showing that he was not equal to God. Do you think he was, either? [No.] I was crazy because I said it. I was not crazy; but they declared I was, because I did not accept the ridiculous, absurd idea of the Christian world, such as that Christ died to save sinners. He did not die to save a single sinner. He died rather than to have his life stained with an untruth. He died for that which he knew was truth. He had power to heal the sick. Why? Because his surroundings were such—conditions of his birth were such—that he was made completely subject to the Higher Power, i. e., spirits of men and women that once lived upon this earth. They flooded his organism with a power of divine goodness and truth, so that he was enabled to cast out what was called sin and disease. So they called him Christ, and said that he died to save the world.

I shall now say that that man who discussed with me the question of salvation through Christ, and who declared on his word and honor as a man, as a true man, that I was insane, made that testimony in court, swore to that, laid his hand on the Bible, ought to have been in the insane asylum instead of me. If the book had been sacred I would have pitied the hand laid upon it. My ideas were considered by him crazy ideas.

I was anxious to find out if there was any power by which individuals could live as individualized beings after the dissolution of the earthly body. When I was in church, and would pray and call on God to demonstrate that, they did not think I was crazy, but just as soon as I told them I had the evidence, then they said I was crazy. I said to them, "Oh, ye of little faith, believing in the power of God to demonstrate all things to His children, and when they receive the light, ye call them insane." Oh, this is a mighty strange world—strange world. Strange condition the people have got into. It is awful. I tell you if they had the power (composed of that same element which confined me in the asylum,) they would confine everybody who differed from them so much as to show that they had proof positive that individuals exist after death. Not only existing, but possessing the power to manifest themselves. They would call them insane and confine them in an asylum. If you could see the wretchedness, the suffering there! I tell you that is the worst place in the State. People are confined there who are not insane. I have been there.

[What country?] Why, good God, this country. I know where I am. I did not ask anybody where I am, for I knew. I was in Philadelphia for six months. It was about six months before I got that communication, while earnestly seeking after the truth of the immortality of the soul. It was in Dixon, in this State, that I got the communication. I was two years—not quite two years—in the asylum. I was not crucified, but I died for what was a truth, because I would not give it up and say that I had not the truth demonstrated to me that my brother, who was dead, lived, and that I conversed with him. If I would have given that up they would not have accused me of insanity. If I said Christ died to save sinners they would think me sane, but I would not say so.

I have said enough here, told just what I wanted to. It will be a great deal better for me not to give my name. [To the reporter.] You are the reporter, are you not, sir? Oh, I tell you to see ministers hired for a few dollars to give oaths to the insanity of persons! Alas! that Christ-like? And to see women taken to that place, the few dollars they have taken from their pockets by the person who takes them there. The money is then given over to the keeper. Occasionally a few more dollars are handed over to him to keep them insane. [Gentleman present—There have been such instances.] Until you are confined as inmates you can have no idea of it. It is called a very nice thing.

I am coming here again. I do not need the permission of the folks here. I have the permission of folks invisible to you. [To the reporter.] Take hold of my hand, sir. [Medium extends her hand.] Do you think I am crazy by the feeling of my hand? [I should judge not.] I guess not. [To a gentleman present.] You take hold of my hand, sir. Should you think I was crazy? [No.] I am coming again. [That is right; you will be perfectly welcome.] Good morning. [Good morning.]

CARRIE RUSSELL TO HER HUSBAND.

The following communication was given in a whisper:—
What I have to say is, Truman Russell, you wanted me to tell you what to do with our children. You wanted to know whether you should try to keep them together, and if I could see them and see you, too; and if I have ever appeared to you either at home or abroad.

Now, about the children. I cannot say, and do not know just what is best to do. It would be my choice that they should be brought up together, yet if they cannot be, then use great caution in the selection of persons who are to take charge of them. I know and see your restless nature, and there seems to be something surrounding you every time that prevents my coming as close to you as I can to the children, though you have seen me. It was

myself. It was not any one trying to represent me, as you thought it was. Elizabeth saw me, and told you that she saw me. It is not so easy a matter for me to talk as you may suppose, or as it seems to be for some others that come here. This is my fourth attempt through this same organism—i. e., to talk to you, and now I cannot speak to you above a whisper. I cannot gather enough strength to articulate a sound above a whisper, yet if my mother had come and did nothing more than to whisper to me, I would have been very thankful.

You want to know if I would be satisfied with what you do. Yes, I will, but I would like much to talk with you from time to time in regard to our children. I feel that in a little while we shall be able to see what is best for them—the best course for you to pursue with regard to them in their different vocations in the future.

I cannot stay any longer now. I am your wife still, though separated by death, and will come to you often and talk with you, if you will only listen. I shall not, I cannot, appear to you in the form I once had, but I will come through the aid of other persons, and talk. I should not have given this here if it had not been that you desired me to. You said so many times that you wished that I would communicate. I have waited until conditions were favorable. I wish you could have been present.

Your loving wife, Carrie.

DANIEL FISHER.

[To the reporter.] As a general thing, sir, I believe you have four—about four different messages at one time. [Sometimes eight or nine.] I thought no more than four. Everything here is new to me.

Experience by feeling and seeing are two different things—two very different things.

My mother wanted me to come here and say whether I was satisfied with my treatment. No use to be dissatisfied, mother. I know that there is no earthly use, or heavenly, either, in thinking of getting back again.

The difficulty with my body lay in my spine, instead of my liver. There is where the mistake was, but it is all done up. The body has gone to rest, and I am going to make the best of it. You did what you could—all that anybody could do. You did not claim to possess any power or skill in the treatment of disease, so that there is no use of regrets on your part.

Well, the long and short of it is, I do not feel right here. I have told you what you wanted me to tell, so I am going away.

Daniel Fisher. [That is the one who has just communicated?] I want you to put down Daniel Fisher. [It is already down.] Well, that's enough.

AMES.

I want you to say that Ames can talk. Is well and very happy. All that he wants to say here is, that he can talk, and will talk. I have kept my promise—have not revealed anything but just this. That is all, sir.

SEPTEMBER 4.

M. BURESS.

Sir, I have come here for the express purpose of saying that M. Bures is dead, but not damned—dead bodily, but yet exists. Perhaps if God had dealt in accordance with your ideas, I should have been damned. I am what I am, and am just as near what I was before death as two people are alike, and a good deal nearer—as near as two pins. I do not believe any more in the fallacies that you presented to me now than I did when I was with you. I told you that I did not believe them. I believe to-day that everything is possible with God, and all good things probable. I do not believe in an individualized God, nor an individualized devil. You inculcated the idea that I changed, that I repented before my death. It is not so. I repented of the folly that caused my sickness and the dissolution of the external. I am all, all that I was to you. I exist with the body—just as good in every way as that body was.

I say that I repented of that which caused my sickness, because if I had tried the advice which you gave me, I should have saved it. What is the use of saving the body when it is constantly tormented—when the inside cannot believe all your things?

You have asked several times for me at several different places, and you said that if I could tell my story that I would implore God to forgive me. You were never more mistaken in your life. If, as is supposed, we had seen God after death, your ideas might be true, but God exists in every one. Will you be good enough to say this? Say, too, that I will come as often as I can, but in all probability shall not come as often as you call for me. I told you so many times that you had no repenting to do. As far as you are individually concerned you had better repent. I say it for this reason, too, that if there is anything that you feel that you ought to do, do it, because if you don't do what you feel it is your duty to do, of course you will suffer for it. So I am dead, but not damned. Dead in one sense, but not in heaven—and I question very much whether there is any such place as you pictured to yourself—any such place of perfect happiness, perfect tranquility, perfect joy—I question whether there is such a place, I say. When you have gone through with what I have, you will question it, too. No tracts, no societies, no Bibles, no beautifully spun theories, will save you, or bring you to that plane where everything is so perfect, so wisely and so choicely arranged by the Infinite God, as you think. I am just the same in my belief. Some things are verified, some are not. Of course I am differently constituted, somewhat, but the same individual, after all.

[To the reporter.] I suppose, sir, that it is every one's privilege to say what he likes here. [Free platform here.] Sir, I am obliged to you. Bid you good morning. [Good morning.]

CARROLL.

[The medium under the controlling influence opened her eyes, and said:] Don't take so long. I am prepared to give it verbally, and there are so many actually waiting—eager to talk here—that I feel in duty bound to be as quick as possible.

You desired me when I would come in this way to tell you whether there ever did exist any such person as Adam, in accordance with Bible history—the biblical account—and whether there were such persons as Eve and Jesus of Nazareth, and whether I have seen any of them.

Perhaps they existed so long before me, and have reached too high a plane, far beyond my most extended vision, which may be the cause why I cannot give you positive information on the subject. Whether they have ever existed I cannot tell you. As far as the names and the history are given you, I believe it is mostly correct. I do not doubt that they existed upon the material plane, yet I never have seen them. They performed their missions on the earth.

If you had said come and tell me, Carroll, if you

found your sister and two brothers—one brother who died upon the battle field—if you had asked me that, I could have told you readily. If you had asked me to go and tell you whether or not I was conscious at the time of the change, I could have told you that, too. I should have supposed that you would have been more anxious to learn of your own friends than of those who lived in the past.

I seem as I sit here, to get sleepy. The same feelings that I had before my death seem to come over me. I believe that it is because my mind is carried so distinctly, so forcibly, back to that time. When I am able to get possession of the lady and visit your house, I think that I can do better. At all events I would rather talk with you there than here.

Two questions you desired me to answer here, I must ask you to excuse me from answering, for they are not anything that will interest any one here. I will answer them when I come again.

[To the reporter.] I want this to reach my mother. She is my stepmother. I want it to reach her. [What is her name?] Mary Bart. [What place?] Prefer not to mention the place. Will leave it to her. I can tell you, though—it is St. Louis, Missouri. It is so strange that I should feel so very dull, but I will go and give somebody else a chance to come—strange to experience, but it is true. Good morning, everybody.

BIRDIE TRACY.

[The following communication was sung:] I laid down and I went to sleep, and when I waked up, who do you think I did meet. I did meet my grandmother. I did meet my two little sisters, and my own little cousin. I did lay down and go to sleep. I didn't die. You are awfully fooled if you think I died, for when they die don't they be just like horses?

I went to sleep, and when I awoke, everybody here is just as nice as they can be. [To the circle.] I don't mean you folks, though you are nice, but not as nice as where we are.

When I was six and a half—nearly seven—I went to school. Now I go to a nice school—great pictures, great books, big maps—maps on the walls. You don't have them here. [Looking around the room.] You don't look like the folks we have. We have nice folks, nice men and women, with nice faces. They have nice eyes and the people stand right up.

The other day I was running along, and a lady said to me, "Oh, you little, merry girl, sing to me, sing;" and I began to sing, and she said, "Don't you want to go and tell a pretty story to your father who is not dead?" I said my father aint dead—nobody is dead. I had a nice little pony. Father remembers that pony. The pony jumped, and he broke his leg, and he had to be killed because he broke his leg.

The lady said, "Don't you want to sing your father one of your pretty little songs?" I didn't know what she meant. She said she meant my father that I had when I went to school, when I was six and a half years old. She told me I could sing a nice little song, not very long. There aint anything dreary here. Aint that nice? I make it! [Referring to a gentleman present.] That man don't care anything at all about it. I don't, either. There is a nice little girl over there near that man. Wake up, man. If you open your eyes you will see a nice little girl. [Gentleman—I do not see her.] She stands there. She has a pink dress. You don't try to see her. [Looking at the medium's dress.] Kind of nice to be a big lady, aint it? I am a big lady now; oh, yes, I am a lady now. I aint old, though. I never wore a long dress all round my feet, so nobody could see them.

Now, father, I don't know how to make a nice letter. [Looking over at the reporter's notes.] The man is writing it, and I am telling it. When I go away from this lady—this big lady—I will bring you nice flowers with green leaves all around them. [To a gentleman present.] Did you ever see a big, round posy? [Yes.] We have them. I will show you—[taking up a piece of paper.]—it is like this, it is round, up this way, then we make them into a bunch, so, and put strings round it; have little flowers in it, and it stands out big round here; [fixing the paper to represent a bouquet of flowers,] and then it should have little stems, and put them into the water, but we don't get it put into the water here, we sprinkle it.

[To the reporter.] May I take this home to read? [That little bouquet?] Yes. [Looking at the engraving at the head of the paper.] I don't think they are very pretty children. [Giving the paper to a gentleman present.] See if you think they are? [Why, yes, I think they are—some of them are not very plainly printed, that is all.] The man said I might have the pretty little paper. He said, father, "yes, take it home."

If I was a big lady I would make a nice song. I will make a little song, so that little sister can sing it. I will make it nice, and will put it into her brain like you put seeds into the ground.

[To a gentleman present.] Wake up, man. [Gentleman—I am awake; I only have my eyes closed.] I am a big lady, because I have got a big lady's body on.

I have got a paper to take home with me, and I can't take it.

We have nice, big houses; lots of people come into them. Everybody that wants a nice house gets it, and all that don't go to them to a—banquet, and have a great, nice time. Nice man invites all the children to come to the banquet, and the little girls all sing and laugh. Now, father, we aint dead at all, but I did lay down and go to sleep. Who do you think I did meet? Nobody was sorry, nobody cried, nobody did lose anything. Did not see anybody trying to get all the money and have it in his pocket. I know. Man came to our house, and father said he was a "money man," and his eyes were fastened up so. [The medium knitting her eyebrows.] I told you, father, [shaking her head,] that his eyes were so big he could look right into your pocket!

I have had a nice time here. Man said I could have the paper. [To a gentleman who sat with his eyes closed under an influence.] Man, you can sleep, and when you wake up I will be gone.

My name is Singer. That aint my other name. Tracy is my other. Mother called me Birdie. I am a little singing girl. My father aint dead, but he lives. Don't you want me to bring a nice, big song. [Yes.] This is a nice paper. [Do you have papers?] Printed nice. [What kind of letters do you have, gold?] Gold letters? Looks like gold. I used to read a paper, and it said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." I would have it say, "Be good to everybody." Remember the little girl that gave it. I will give you some flowers, won't that be nice. I will make nice posies, and be just as happy as I can. Birdie is what they used to call me. Good bye. [Good bye.]

M. C. T.

Dear mother, little Willie is very sick. [To the reporter.] Will this gentleman be kind enough to

give the day of the week and the date of the month? [It is Tuesday, September 4.] I know. I tell you Willie is very sick—dear little boy. He will not leave you, either! I tell you this that you may know that I am near to you. I see your home, which was once my home. Willie suffers great, untold pain. He will be sick for a long time, several months, but he will recover, and be well and hearty again.

I was with you when Mertie died. I was with you and sister. Sister is in Idaho. You thought you buried her—you thought you never would see her again, but you will see her. I was with you during father's illness. I tell you these things, that you may know that I am with you, as a test, bound as you are by the sectarian ideas of the past. You can turn and find a greater, grander, truth, than you receive from that source. Father's love, his kindness, is with me, and enables me, the departed, to talk with those upon the earth. It is not demoniacal—nothing dreadful here. I know what they will tell you of this room. I know they will tell you that it is wicked. Dear mother, is it not a fact that that class of persons, constituting the Christian world, is the first to cry out, "Diabolical in every sense," in regard to that which is new—to charge this upon new truths that are presented—new to those that receive them, but not new to our own Father in heaven—not new to many of His angels as well as to those that see our every thought? There is nothing new, but to those that receive it it is all new. Do not let them persuade you to think that because I speak thus I must be in a place of torment—do not think because the persons that claim to possess all truth, all light that was or that ever will be given by God to His children, say so. This religion is not from the evil one; do not let them prejudice your minds so that you will not give me a hearing—not only this, but let me talk with you. Everything that meets with so much opposition and maintains itself, you must know is of God. Error could not stand so much. So many things, they say, are so good that I almost wonder how they are able to cry out against this, the grandest, most glorious truth, that has been revealed to the children of the Infinite Father.

As it is, I assure you now that Willie will get well, but he will suffer much. A good many times you will think it is impossible for him to recover.

Your loving daughter, M. C. T.

If you were differently situated, mother, I would come out and give my name in full, but as it is it is not best. I would tell you some things that have transpired since I came away from your external observation, that you may know I possess a conscious individuality since death. Pray, mother, every day, every hour, every moment of my life, and I thank you, and hope the hour will come when we shall be one united family, where no death, no bitter blast, can separate us. Nothing can sweep away from us our sweet enjoyment and tranquility. I pray for you to be enabled to see that life, to look upon death in its true and proper sense as a simple change. Kind and loving spirits will accompany me on my visit to your home, who have been with me and whom I fully know.

NO NAME.

[Bowing.] I have got two or three words I want to say: Among them is that I want folks to mind their own business, and it kind of seems to me that if they would attend to their own business, to their own individual affairs, they will have all they can attend to. Now I don't care whether it is a minister, professional man, or not, man or woman, I wish they would mind their own business. I wish the ministers would save themselves; it is useless, perfectly useless, to save anybody from hell. Hell is inside. If they have got it, it will be there. I would like to have folks act out themselves, to mind their own business and not that of other folks. Will not turn in disgust from others who mind their own business—then all would be happier. Cannot expect that all will mind their own business; if they would there would be no dissatisfaction. I think if there was to be a meeting every day, and everybody was obliged to go to meeting, and the head one was to get up and tell the people to mind their own business, it would be a good idea. I will mind my own business.

I am neither in hell, nor out of hell, from the fact that the external cannot swallow up the internal. I have got just as much hell as I can keep boiling, so has everybody else. If people will mind their own business—attend to that which concerns them individually—it will be better for everybody else.

When you preach, say it is good for everybody to mind his own business. Let that be your sermon and your text. I know that my outside appearance was odd, but I was just as I was made.

There is one man in particular that I would like to have get hold of this. His name—[pausing]—just wait a minute—his name is Ladd. [Does he spell it L-a-d-d?] That is the way he spells it. He needn't be ashamed of it. You do not mind your business, Ladd. If you had, I should have been on earth, walking around among you. I guess you will remember my name wherever you see it. Whatever you do—whatever creed you turn over, remember, now and forever, to mind your own business.

Letter from Mrs. Sarah Murray.

DEAR JOURNAL: I have read with deep interest, not unmingled with pain, the article on "Mediumship," by M. J. W. I trust it may reach the eyes, and through them the souls of many in our ranks; for I have found none more pitiless than Spiritualists (?) who are determined, at whatever expense of suffering to the sensitive medium, to receive tests. My sad life, made sadder by my bitter experience as a medium, has taught me that this most beautiful of all our Father's good gifts, is not one to be coveted, while there is still even among those calling themselves children of light, (Spiritualists,) such utter ignorance of the laws governing the growth and development of the different mediumistic faculties. While it must needs be that we travail in anguish in our birth from darkness into light, a knowledge of and attention to the proper conditions for each individual growth, would not only partially alleviate the suffering, but aid in a speedier development, thus enabling those interested to obtain much sooner the desired knowledge. No man expects a child who has just mastered the alphabet, to read understandingly. Yet many intelligent persons expect, yes, demand, of the medium who has just made one advance step in development, things more impossible of accomplishment than this would be, while they themselves refuse to maintain even the simplest law of harmony. But I comfort my soul with the assurance that the worst is past, and the hope that few more will ever be subjected to such unnecessary suffering through ignorance, for though the clouds still lower, light is advancing, and there are earnest workers, both human and angelic, in every department of the great field of progress.

Yours kindly,

MRS. SARAH MURRAY.

Houseville, N. Y., 1866.

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it
A kind of moral beauty. Let the dew
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues:
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely dove
Hath soiled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

The Power of Little.

Great events, we often find,
On very little things depend;
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow,
As flake on flake descending,
Form an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good
Or evil thoughts inspire;
One little spark unkindled,
May set a town on fire.

What volume may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny, saved,
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny, squandered,
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streams joining,
Form the ocean's tide.

Our hours and days, our months and years,
Are in small moments given;
They constitute our time below—
Eternity in heaven.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 25, 19, 16, 27, 23, 20 was a distinguished revo-
lutionary officer.
" 24, 4, 19, 10, 20 is the name of a country in
Europe.
" 9, 5, 17, 2, 20, 28, 7, 8, 17 is the name of a
religious sect.
" 25, 13, 5, 19, 1 is a kind of grain.
" 22, 19, 27, 4 is a musical instrument.
" 6, 3, 23, 21, 20, 20 was a distinguished astron-
omer.
" 18, 26, 11 is a kind of animal.
" 28, 15, 17, 16, 20, 14, 13 is the name of a
Western city.
My whole can be seen in every number of the
JOURNAL.

ISAAC W. BASSETT.

Little Sioux, August 30, 1866.

Answer in two weeks.

WORD PUZZLE.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1 is in wet, but not in rain.
" 2 " rye, but not in grain.
" 3 " lake, but not in river.
" 4 " tremble, but not in shiver.
" 5 " wheat, but not in flour.
" 6 " time, but not in hour.
" 7 " break, but not in blow.
" 8 " flake, but not in snow.
" 9 " found, but not in keep.
" 10 " cry, but not in weep.
" 11 " dream, but not in sleep.
My whole is the name of a famous Indian chief.

ISAAC W. BASSETT.

Little Sioux, August 30, 1866.

Answer in two weeks.

PUZZLE.

I went into the woods and got it, so I sat down
to look for it, and brought it away with me because
I could not find it. What was it?
Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO UNIMPORTANT QUESTIONS.
How many pears are there in a pint? One P.
Why is the letter R a profitable one? Because it
turns ice into rice.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because,
though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a
hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a
thoughtless tongue.

Why are the members of a poor cricket club like
cirdles? Because they have no big innings.

Why is an affected girl like a music book? Be-
cause she is full of airs.

It has been asked, when rain falls does it get up
again? Of course it does, in dew time.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN NO. 24.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—Clairvoyance.
Answer to Word Puzzle.—Benjamin Franklin.
Answer to Botanical Transposition.—Hawthorn.

Miscellaneous Enigma answered by S. H. B. and
James Crommie, of St. Louis, Mo.; Robert Green,
Peoria, Ill.

Word Puzzle answered by James Crommie and S.
H. B., of St. Louis, Mo.

Botanical Transposition answered by S. H. B., of
St. Louis, Mo.

TOPER'S SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason too the same—
Both come of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt you and me,
I fall more harder and more frequently.

The paper used for the books printed for the pri-
mary schools in Austria, is composed of the cellu-
lose of maize, and has a yellowish tint less fatiguing
to the eye than the white of ordinary paper.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher,
"I want you to be very still—so still that you can
hear a pin drop." For a minute all was still, when
a little boy cried out "Let her drop!"

An old lady lately refused to let her niece dance
with a young graduate, because she heard that he
was a bachelor of arts, whereby she understood him
to be an artful bachelor.

No one of my fellows can do that special work
which I have come into this world. He may do
a higher work, a greater work, but he cannot do my
work.

Sir Walter Scott, walking once with Lady Scott,
saw some lambs and remarked on their beauty.
"Yes," said the wife, "lambs are beautiful—boiled."

If we are but true to ourselves and faithful to our
opportunities, we shall make a nobler history than
was ever read in any earlier age.

Artemus Ward thinks it is a hard thing not to
have a wife—a gentle heart to get up in the morn-
ing and build the fire.

The first part of married life is the shine of the
honeymoon, the rest, too often, common moonshine.

Justice, and not valor, merits the first place in
our esteem.—Confucius.

The principal haunts of cats—The purr-licious of
cities.

We have known a disorderly soldier to be an orderly.

Habits of Spiders.

A spider, when disturbed and alarmed, gives out
a peculiar smell, very powerful, and much like the
scent of the bean flower. It is possible that this
odor may have an effect upon the creature it seizes,
probably producing sleep, for many of the voracious
insects seem similarly provided—the ant, for in-
stance, having a strong pungent smell about him,
which increases in power when danger threatens.
Among the larger animals there seems to be no
creature so formidable for its size as a spider. Pro-
vided with eight legs, at the extremity of each
of which are pincers of great power, compared to
which a lion or tiger's claws are mere trifles; with
legs, too, of an enormous length, so that it can
encircle its prey in its grasp, and thus hold it
securely, whilst the long nippers are buried in its
body—the spider must seem to the insect, would a
demon indeed. Fancy a tiger with eight legs, each
twenty feet long, with teeth a foot in length, and
capable of binding its struggling victim in a net,
and we should indeed find tigers a fearful pest, and
tiger-hunting even more dangerous than at present.

During the hot, close nights of the summer spi-
ders may really be made useful assistants in a bed-
room. To sleep with the window open is almost a
necessity at such times, but the open window ad-
mits numbers of gnats and small insects, which, by
their buzzing or bites, disturb the sleeper. If, how-
ever, a spider or two have been chosen to construct webs
before the window, the insects that would other-
wise have annoyed us serve for the spider's supper.
The common garden spider is not a wanderer either,
so he may be trusted in a room, for when he has
once selected a corner and built a web he invariably
keeps to the same locality, and destroys gnats and
flies by the score, so that there is no chance of our
suffering annoyance from his crawling over us at
uncertain hours of the night.

There seems to be a rule throughout all nature,
that the creatures which eat the most rapidly and
consume the greatest quantity, can remain without
food for the longest time. A spider that we ob-
liged to emigrate from a rosebush to a pane of
glass in a north window of our room, refused to
build a web for four days; he then built a very
small one, but caught nothing during three days
more; he seemed, however, none the worse for a
week's fasting. We then transferred him to a tin
box, in which there were holes for ventilation, and
covered the top of this with a piece of glass, in
order to observe his proceedings. The spider at
first could not ascend the slippery sides of the box,
so it shortly set to work to gum on little bits of
web, so that in two days it could lodge comfortably
during the whole night on the side of the box. A
fly which was placed inside was soon caught, but
did not seem to be eaten with the same relish as
when the spider resided in its web, though a week's
fasting was certainly long enough to have given an
appetite.

It is very rarely that two spiders really have a
fair stand-up fight. If by chance two are placed in
one web, the weaker or more cowardly instantly
retreats or is captured, and wound up by the
stronger. Spiders are decidedly cannibals; they
will breakfast off their brothers and dine off their
sisters without any compunctions; and as regards
what they eat, they seem to have no particular
preference either for flies, gnats, moths, carwings,
daddy-long-legs, bees, wasps, or other small fly-
all being eaten with the same eagerness.

When a spider has devoured all that is good
belonging to a fly, he gets rid of the remainder by
flinging it out of his web; this he accomplishes by
the aid of his legs and claws, and he is very careful
that it is not deposited in his web. It is very
amusing to find a spider meeting and overcoming the
difficulties of dragging a large fly among leaves
and twigs up to its quiet retreat, the web by which
it holds its prey often hitching in the jagged edges
of a leaf, or over the extremity of a bud. The pa-
tience of the spider under these circumstances is
extreme; he will again and again return to the
entangled web, nip it in halves, or raise it carefully
over its impediments, and at length succeed in
dragging the fly into the selected position.

Spiders, when carefully watched, are admirable
barometers, indicating when the fine weather is
coming, or when wet or cold is likely to occur. If
a spider commences early in the night to make a
fresh web, we may safely count on a fine night and
a clear, bright morning; when, however, we find
several old webs remaining in the morning, and the
spiders disinclined to make fresh ones for their
prey, rain or damp may be expected.

It is curious to find, even among creatures appar-
ently so similar as spiders, a marked individuality
of character. One spider, upon finding a fly cast
into his web, will rush upon it at once, seize it, and
after rolling it up, will carry it to the center of the
web and feast upon it. Another spider, apparently
identical in every way with the former, upon being
given a fly under the same conditions, takes alarm,
and retreats rapidly along the guys of his web, as
though anxious only to escape from the danger.
There is a fly very common in most gardens, called
the hoverfly. This creature looks rather like a
bee at first sight, but has no sting; some spiders,
however, always treat it with suspicion, and ap-
proach it with the greatest caution, whilst others
treat it with no apparent respect, but roll it up
with a web as though it were merely a common fly.

If a bee or wasp is caught in a spider's web, a
very cautious proceeding is adopted on the part of
the spider, which dodges and practices as many
arts as a prize fighter, in order to escape the for-
midable poisoned lance of his adversary.
There is the garden spider, which is a green and
zebra spider is small, but very powerful, is striped black and white
like a zebra, makes no web, but hunts for its prey
on sunny walls and ceilings, stalking and springing
on it like a tiger, and carrying off a fly much bigger
than itself, with apparent ease. These spiders
move along a wall in a jerky manner, rushing on
two or three inches, then stopping to look around
them, again moving forward, and so on. When a
fly or other insect is observed—and this spider is
wonderfully quicksighted—the spider approaches
with the greatest caution, creeping up to its prey
as a cat crawls toward a bird; should the fly move
the spider remains still, bides his time, and then
more favorable opportunity to advance. When the
spider has reached to within about eight or ten
times its own length of the fly, it leaps down on
the wall a thread of web, works its legs as does a
cat before it springs, and then dashes on to the
back of its prey with a bound so rapid as scarcely
to be visible. The fly, finding itself thus attacked,
takes wing at once; but the spider retards its
movements, and is held in check by its thread of
web, so that the fly falls against the wall, and its
capturer instantly grasps this foundation, and there
holds on, in spite of the struggles of its prisoner.
Even before its victim is dead, the spider draws it
off into a secure retreat, and immediately commences
his feast.

In consequence of the greater amount of activity
required, and also from having no web to make,
the hunting spider is not such a great eater as is
the garden spider, and is not therefore so useful as
a guardian to our open windows; he is, however, a
most interesting creature to observe, for to watch
him capture his prey is very much like having a
bird's-eye view of a fight between a tiger and a
buffalo.

There is yet standing, near Oxford street, London,
a very old sign of David Wither's, Eye-Catcher.
Antiquaries, after long puzzling over this, have
discovered that it refers to a period of society when
gentlemen had so many rows and fights that black
eyes were common; and the artist found it a suffi-
cient employment to paint each bruise of a flesh
color, in order that gentlemen might go into com-
pany without remark.

How great is the gift of life! how precious
the boon! Are our years richly freighted with the
gathered opportunities which God has given us?
Do we sell into the haven of his love with a record
of hours, days, and months well spent?

Said a conceited young parson, "I have this af-
ternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses."
"Was that the reason you always called them be-
loved brethren?" Inquired a young lady.

A clerk in a music store was lately overpowered
by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase
"Mr. Hood's—a song of the—a—gentleman's—under
garment?" The clerk is still alive!

What is companionship, when nothing that im-
proves intellect is communicated, and where the
larger heart contracts itself to the model and di-
mensions of the smaller?

A pretty word to look at. The news from the
ministerial States is given in the journals of
Fatherland under the following simple heading—
"MitteleuropaischeStaatsgruppe."

Who Was Right?

James was a happy, playful, noisy boy. He de-
lighted in that kind of sport which made the most
strife, and resulted in some kind of demonstration.
One day his mother lost all her patience, and cried
out: "James, stop your noise, and sit down quietly
for the next hour, or I will punish you."
"Why, mother," said he, "I can't keep still. I'd
burst right open, I know I would, if I couldn't run
and laugh, and get the noise out of me."
Be patient, good parents, and if you are blessed
with boys that have a good deal of noise in them,
let it come out. Such are the boys that will make
a stir in the world, if you give them a chance.

A plain spoken Western preacher delivered the
following from his desk: "I would announce to the
congregation that, probably by mistake, there was
left at this meetinghouse, this morning, a small
cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and
tear, and of an exceedingly pale blue color, in the
place whereof was taken a very large black silk
umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this
sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too
common."

The pompous epitaph of a close fisted citizen
closed with the following passage of Scripture:
"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."
"Dat may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when
dat man died, de Lord didn't owe him a cent."

A jovial doctor on being asked how he treated
cholera replied, "with unmitigated contempt."

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